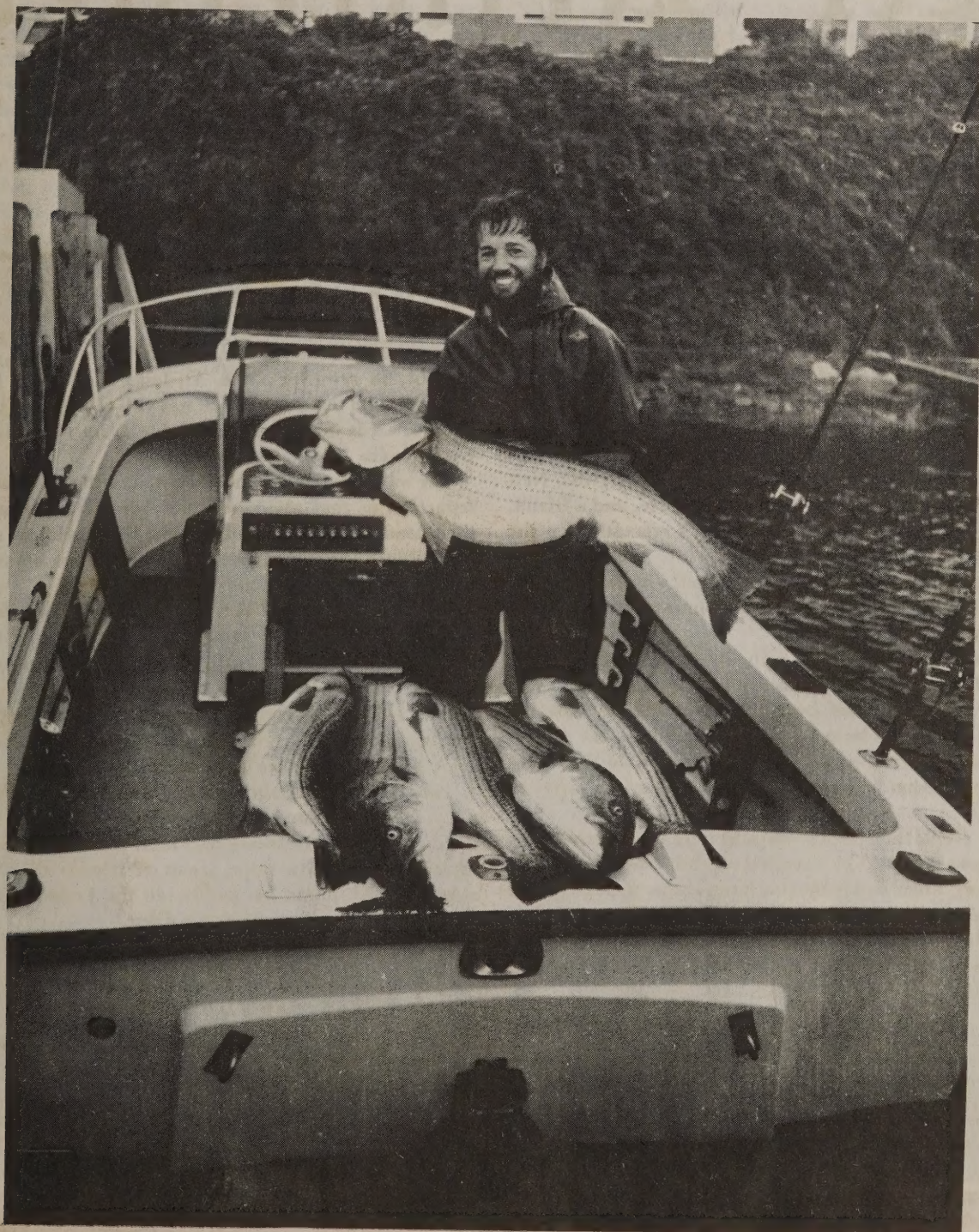




The Long Island **FISHERMAN**

MAY 31st, ISSUE NO. 20 1973



In Memory of Al Reinfelder

July 9, 1937 - May 18, 1973

BLACK FRIDAY

It is with great sorrow that I must announce the death of my dear friend, Al Reinfelder. Much has been written about Al since the canoeing accident which took his life on Friday, May 18, 1973, and those kind words have been deeply appreciated by his friends and family.

Al had driven to the Delaware River at Barryville, New York for a fishing float trip with his son, Jesse, and a friend, Gianni Fazio. It was to be a single day's relaxation on the river that Al had loved for so many years. After the usual preparations the canoe was launched, and with the river in a high, fast condition, launching was an immediate committal to its waters.

The boys had been fitted with life jackets, and Al had prepared his waders well by securing them around his waist with a rope. There has been some speculation that he, perhaps, should not have been wearing waders, but Al had worn them for over twenty years on jetties and in rivers and knew exactly what he had to do to insure his own safety in the water.

In any event, they pushed-off and were immediately into the Shohola Rapids. The handling was brisk and apparently satisfactory when suddenly two large waves appeared and broke into the small boat, thus filling it with water: The canoe rolled over and the three were thrown into the river. They managed to keep with the canoe and tried to maintain a hold, but it continued to roll.

They entered the swollen, fast run below and Al directed the boys to swim for shore. Al, Jesse and Gianni released their holds on the canoe which was still rolling and began to swim towards the Pennsylvania side, from which Jesse and Gianni were fortunately rescued.

The waves were high and violent, and the swimmers were separated as they attempted the shore. Water broke over their heads, and for most of the time they could not see each other, but Al was somewhere between the two boys: At one point he disappeared.

He may have been struck insensible by some submerged object being carried downstream, or possibly have had a heart attack. Perhaps he suffered acute muscle cramps. We shall probably never know what transpired in those few critical seconds. According to witnesses who observed the tragedy from the Barryville-Shohola Bridge, Al went under after leaving the canoe and was not seen to surface.

There is now no doubt that Al drowned, but his body has not yet been recovered. The canoe was found about two and one-half miles downstream by a local resident. Al Bala and myself, as part of a large group of friends that went to search for Al, found his paddle on the Pennsylvania side about one mile above Parker's Glen.

This is what is known; what remains unknown is relegated to the realm of speculation.

Glenn Voparil

DEDICATED TO AL

This issue of the Long Island Fisherman is somewhat different from those we have run in the past. We have dedicated it to the memory of Al Reinfelder and have included articles that we felt were representative of some of the many facets of this great and popular man's talents.

They will be inadequate in describing the variety of experiences that Al had in his shortened, active life, but they will provide some insight into the intensity and range of emotions that went into his work.

HALF A LIFETIME TO SOON

Twenty-three years of close friendship can hardly be summarized in a few short paragraphs, for there is so much that could be said about Al Reinfelder. All of the joys and sadnesses, good and bad times, "firsts" we shared and, unfortunately, a few "lasts"; the lifetime of our experiences have paraded through my cluttered mind this past week, and it is extremely depressing to write even these few words.

Al was a dedicated fisherman from those youthful beginnings spent on the Delaware River. A fresh water angler from his earliest years, Al was introduced to salt water fishing when we were young teenagers, and we were both present when each of us caught his first striped bass under the tutelage of "Pappy" Sens twenty years ago. But this regresses to the origins of our friendship, and I think the later years are more relevant to the Al Reinfelder that was known by so many.

Al studied mathematics and philosophy during his undergraduate and graduate years in college and, as he matured, became more cognizant of Man's mistreatment of his own kind. He also became increasingly more disturbed over the loss of the natural environment caused by the activities of our species. His great variety of interests was now increased by the addition of a new dimension, that of trying to protect the nature that has been mother to us all. He began to investigate, to inquire, to write about ecology as well as fishing, and his dissatisfaction with the wanton, thoughtless destruction of the world's life-supporting systems was most strongly expressed in many of Al's

contacts with people.

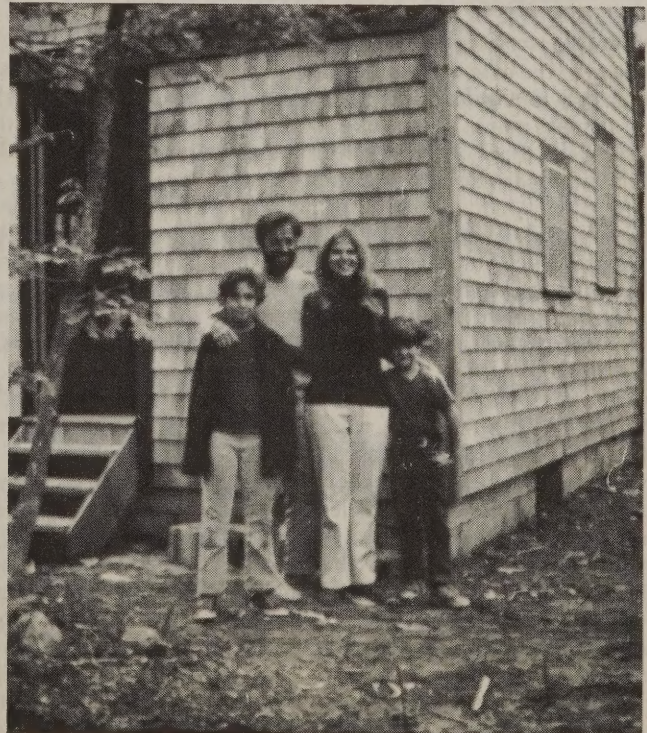
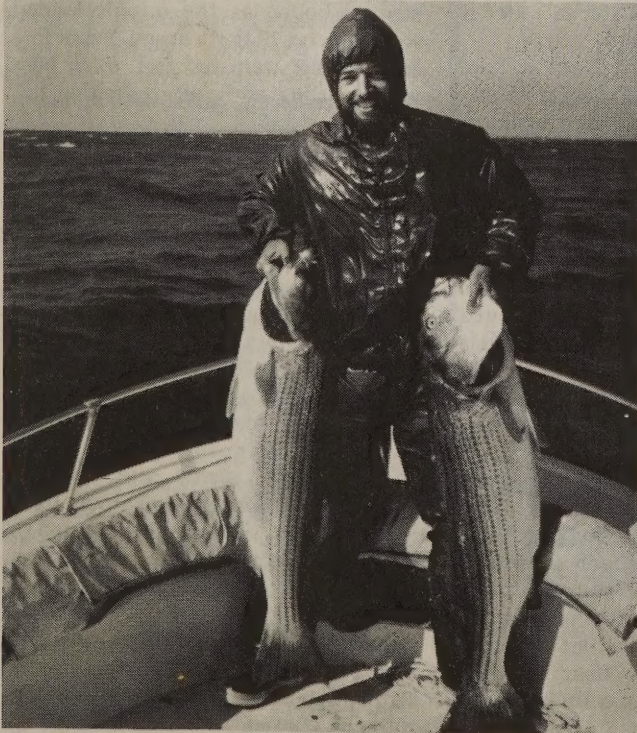
The culmination of his total experience was best utilized in his most recent position as President of the Striped Bass Fund, and it was into this organization that Al finally threw his entire being. For the brief period the Fund has been in existence it has had a tremendous impact: No one would deny that Al Reinfelder's leadership, guidance, assistance, great strength and forcefulness made this possible.

Al is gone now, and the Striped Bas Fund must find in its organization someone to continue the fight that was so energetically and impressively begun by its former President. Our friend would have wanted this above all other things.

Husband, father, son, friend, leader, educator, author, artist, musician, lecturer, fisherman, philosopher and ecologist: Al Reinfelder was many things to different people. We have all lost something with his death. The man that we knew and appreciated became part of our own beings, and there are remembrances that we will cherish until it, in turn, becomes our time to die. His few weaknesses were those of men; his many strengths often seemed to place him above men. But let us not forget that Al was indeed, a man.

One of Al's hopes was that when his time to depart this life was at hand, it would occur on the Delaware River, his first love. That wish was realized, but I am unable to express the sorrow that is in my heart because he died half a lifetime too soon.

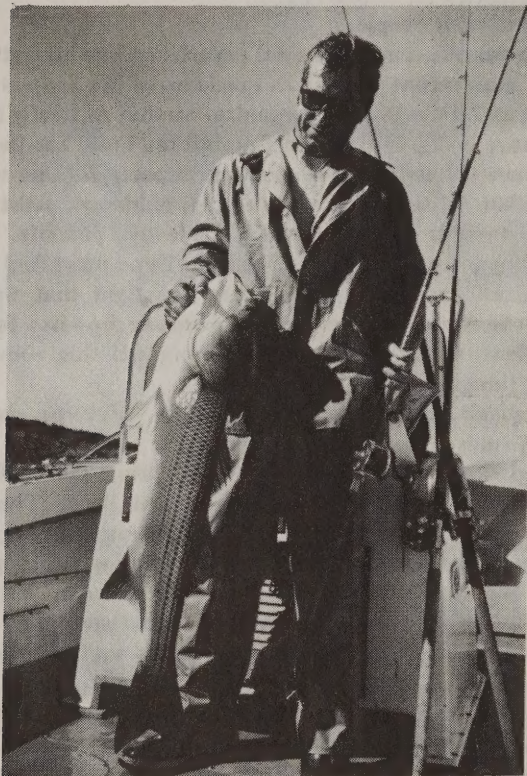
Glenn Tofari



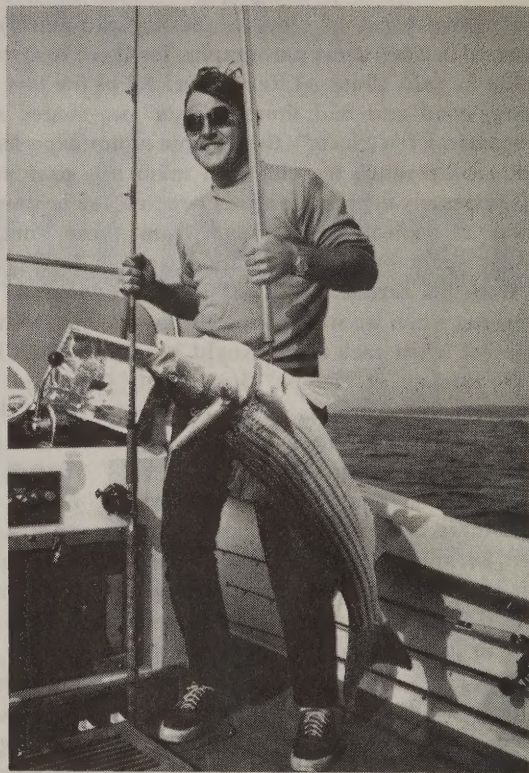
The Reinfelders: Jesse, Al, Tommie and Johnnie.

A SPLENDID WEEKEND - THE LAST ARTICLE SUBMITTED..

..by Al Reinfelder



Glenn Voparil with 26 lb. plug-caught bass.



Jerry Gomber with bass taken on a skin-plug.

Huge plugs find heavy bass among the boulders

Tide's final ebb had drawn all but a shallow wedge of water from the cove where a narrow apron of glacial rubble rested in the blue September morning. Our boat slid quietly into view around a distant point. Glass-like stillness pervaded the wooded hills and furrowed scarp above the beach as we entered this hidden corner of a small island off the coast of Massachusetts.

Glenn opened a plastic jar and gave each of us a large eelskin-covered swimming plug. I cut the engine far offshore where a whisper of a breeze promised to push us closer to the rocks of the cove. Immediately ahead of us, in about fifteen feet of water, lay a large, broken bed of stones. The water was dark here, but pale green - reflecting the light color of clear sand - all around the rocky patch. It was over this reef where, two weeks before, we had come across a good school of large striped bass. Our attention was on the dark water as we began to cast the big swimmers.

Ever since that trip we had been able to raise two or three fish in the twenties or thirties when we worked the black water. Today, however, our

plugs found nothing. It was quiet, but not at all "dead" - as sterile water is apt to feel.

Several seagulls rose from inshore rocks and white splashes were clearly visible between the hulking boulders near the sand beach. The action stopped abruptly. An instant later fish began to thrash on the surface about a quarter of a mile further down the shore. From where we were it looked like the hit and run pattern of bonito. At any rate, we were not overly excited by the activity as big stripers rarely show in this way. But as we drifted closer we could clearly see what was causing the commotion - and it was spectacular.

Great bass were amassed among the stones and boulders of the cove. The water was so thin it hardly kept them wet. As they chanced upon schools of bait moving along the shore with the draining tide, they hit them violently.

Jerry Gomber was the first to get his plug into the milling fish. His skin landed in the center of a rock cluster. When it hit, with its characteristic wet smack, two huge fish rushed away. Spooky by nature - but even more so in

this shallow, a daytime water - the big stripers bolted as the missile landed within inches of their noses. Yet before Jerry's plug swam ten feet, other bass were swirling and rolling behind it.

The water was so low now that we were in danger of crunching the propeller. I dropped a small anchor and held the skiff just outside the rocks. From the forward deck I watched Glenn Voparil cast his plug toward the beach. Again, fish raced away as the lure landed, only to turn back and worry the slurping swimmer.

The cove was thick with bass. A passing gull made a hundred-yard glide just above the water. As its shadow arced across the shallows stripers bolted away like shiners from a terns' swoop. (Jerry said the sound of the gull-frightened bass reminded him of a huge load of gravel being dumped into the sea.)

Every cast produced the swirls and boils so characteristic of large bass excited by a skin plug. But no fish had yet been coaxed into hitting. Digging into the dark interior of my tackle box, I came across a lure I'd been saving

for a special occasion. This would be the occasion.

The lure was a wooden plug with a free swinging spinner blade at its stern. It was an original Jerry Sylvester Flap Tail plug, repainted as a whiting by Hal Lyman, and given to me by Hal to study. I studied it all winter, replaced the makeshift tail spinner with an original I got from an old timer in Brooklyn, painted the thing to resemble a menhaden, and stowed it away. (Last Spring I carried it to Florida where I'd planned to put it to big tarpon - it was then temporarily repainted as a mullet - but forgot about it during the mad period when tarpon were churning the bridge channel like wild, silvery water buffaloes.) Now was the time to try this lure. The fish were thick and active, but only toying with the succulent skin plugs.

The Flap Tail smacked down three feet from a nearby rock. I let the lure surface in the black reflection of the wet, mussel-crusty boulder. A straight retrieve started the tail blade whirling behind the lure. It reminded me of the panicked tail-flapping of a terrified bunker. Out from the greasy water came a wake which resembled nothing on earth as much as a towed water bucket. Directly behind the lure the water rose sharply above the head of a large striped bass whose cavernous mouth simply opened as he jetted forward in a tumultuous rush of white foam to engulf Sylvester's ancient wood.

Taut monofilament ripped against a strong smooth drag as the bass ran offshore - causing minor commotions among pods of bass along the way. When he was eventually brought to gaff the rear hook fastener, which was nothing more than a thin strip of brass screwed into the plug, broke in half leaving only the front hook in place. Nevertheless, my next cast attracted a bass which simply came up and ate the plug whole, making him easy to hook on the single treble.

The fish were excited now. Before I even landed this second striper, both Glenn and Jerry found bass which had stopped playing around and smacked lures decisively. It was one of those rare moments when three men are hooked up simultaneously to brute stripers. The air was filled with the sounds of heavy fish on substantial tackle. Shovel-width tails cracked the smooth surface of the water; reel gears meshed to draw tight lines back onto

emptied spools; lines whistled under one another as fish ran in opposite directions; grunting anglers followed their powerful quarry.

The three fish came aboard within seconds of each other, and during the resulting melee, as some hundred pounds of green striper energy was thrashing around on the deck, the second and last hook holder on the Flap Tail busted open. But it no longer mattered. The fish were hitting well and any large plug would bring a smashing strike. For one hour we held these fish. And then they left - leaving

the cove still and lifeless.

For three days we explored beaches, rocky points and tide rips in search of bass big and aggressive enough to take on our huge plugs. The school at the cove did not return, but each day's search revealed a new herd of monsters eager to smash our gear. On the second day we landed nine bass from 28 to 40 pounds. On the third day we plugged fish up to 44 pounds - in crystal clear water off a white sandy beach. It was a splendid weekend of plugging.

AN EXCELLENT ANGLER, AND NOW WITH GOD

Izaak Walton
The Compleat Angler, 1653

We have all learned from Al...He taught us the technique and skill of his trade...He taught us to be committed to what we believe in and not to stand by and let others do what is our responsibility...He taught us to understand and appreciate the sea and the creatures that inhabit it...He taught us to enjoy life and laugh...He taught us to treat success and failure with the same wonderful Reinfelder philosophy...He taught us that fishing is more rewarding as a family sport than as an individual sport...He taught us much...and we thank him for it.

Mako Marine Inc.

RIVER COUNTRY

by Al Reinfelder

Despite what the staff of the Salt Water Sportsman has to say about fresh water - "what weak men mix with their bourbon" - I still find some of the most wonderful sport in the lakes and rivers of North America. Fresh water angling is every bit as exciting as coastal fishing, but it is different. For one thing, it is more leisurely. You don't normally deal in "runs" or "blitzes" or other phenomena which send the adrenalin on its wild course. The fish are there. Sometimes they are feeding actively, sometimes less so, sometimes not. But they are always there - in the stream or in the pond. And this basic fact creates a whole different approach to the sport. The angler is in much less of a hurry to get into gear. He can think more, and more clearly. The fresh water fisherman moves silently and in a quieter environment. He hears the sounds of the water, the wind in the trees, the small animals in the brush and the birds. Turtles and snakes cross his path. He often sits on the bank side and enjoys the whole natural expanse which is part of the system in which his fish live.

My love of fresh water stems from the years I worked on a farm on the banks of the Delaware River between Pennsylvania and New York. For the five seasons I spent at this place I was on the river for a part of almost every day. Fishing was not a trip but a part of the natural cycle of my life. And this is the way it should be. This is the ideal which all anglers seek - a life in harmony with their sport.

It was most common for me to end the day on the river. Morning chores began too early to allow dawn fishing, and most days were too full of hay-making, gardening and maintenance to enable me to get to the stream under the high sun. But after supper, with the sun a deeper gold, and the work of the day behind me, I would take a spin or fly rod and a box

of lures and walk through the woods down one of several paths to the Delaware.

The smallmouth bass which live in the river begin their final feed of the day at around three o'clock in the afternoon. By six-thirty - when I finally hit the river - this period of activity was usually at a peak. As I entered the river in shallows no more than inches deep, heavy bass, which had been lying in wait in slight depressions, shot out into deeper water, their brown backs cutting a wide wake over the skim of water covering the stony bottom. I had developed certain patterns of fishing the stream and it was always possible to bring home a few nice fish for the table. But some nights were unusual.

One evening I ran into huge chubs. These silvery fish are frowned upon by trout fishermen, but they are actually quite gamy. Although no particular praise for their taste is in order, these fish are selective in their feeding habits, often hard to catch, and always active on the end of a rod. On this occasion the fish were well above the average in size too. One I kept weighed over four pounds. As it was, I was fishing a streamer made of calves tail. (I'd run out of my meager supply of store-bought bucktails and borrowed some of the shiny white tail hairs of our young calf). The chub fought long and hard on the light fly rod and I forgot all about the bass I was after.

On another occasion I experienced a hatch of what I took to be White Millers. Just at dusk a few white flies began to emerge from the black waters of the darkened river. It was fascinating to watch. In fact, as the hatch developed I became more interested in it than in the many boils which indicated feeding bass, trout and chub. At full dark the swirling insects were so thick that it was difficult to see more than a few feet. The air was alive with the snowy creature. It looked exactly like a reverse blizzard. Instead of the snowflakes disappearing into the water at the instant of their contact with the surface, these white flies were coming out of the inky river. It was incredible, and for almost half an hour I watched what must have been millions of creatures enter the stream of life - only to reproduce and die an hour later.

I think it wise for the salt water fisherman to occasionally get off the

brine and get up to the uplands where the water comes from. It's an important experience. All of water, as all of life, is in continuous motion. The cycle of water is but one of the many cycles which produce and sustain life on this planet. Fresh water is one part of this cycle, just as the ocean, the clouds and the rain are other parts. And you'll learn something about fishing too. You'll have to refine your casting, and your line diameter, and you'll have to sharpen up your lure presentation. A lot of this will carry over when you get back down to sea level. Right now the Delaware River is enjoying its annual shad run. Many anglers who were afraid that they would be disappointed with the gaminess of inland fish have taken to shad fishing, even at the expense of some striped bass fishing. Actually the shad, like the striper, is anadromous - which means he must return to fresh water to reproduce. So the shad brings salt water phenomena - like "the run," and seagulls, right up the river with him.

While you're on the river, be sure to fish for the many other native species available like the smallmouth bass, chub, pickerel, trout and bluegill. You might be pleasantly surprised at what these fish can do at the end of a rod of the right size. And take a look at the country side. This is River Country at its best. High, green, wooded hills. Thick bushy river banks, cold clear streams feeding the main river. Blue skies, peace and quiet.

The way to go is to take the N.Y. Thruway to the Harriman Exit, No. 16 and then take Route 17 to the Port Jervis exit sign. At Port Jervis turn north up Route 97. This lovely road parallels the river for miles and there are many places where you can pull off the road and cast. Boats can be rented at Pond Eddy and Barryville, but I think you might enjoy wading more. Look for shad at deep pools just above and just below fast white water rapids. To catch these fish cast a shad dart (a small bucktail jig) across and down stream. Let the current swing it through the hole just above the bottom. When you do hit a fish, hold on and keep a tight line - they often throw the hook on one of their splendid jumps.

If you drive north of Pond Eddy keep your eye out for a farm on the Pennsylvania side surrounded by nothing but woods. That's my old farm. If you fish here and do well, keep it to yourself.



THE FOX

by Al
Reinfelder

Somewhere in that midwestern section of the United States, one man guerilla warfare is being waged against the giant polluters and environmental rapists rapidly laying low our treasured land through abuse and pollution. Frustrated by the increasing destruction he sees at a time when environmental concern is on everyone's lips, this man has taken the law into his own hands, and is set on poetic revenge on the ravagers.

He calls himself the "Fox" and has been known to run a link from an effluent pipe right back into the factory from which it issues; cement offensive smokestacks closed; and pile a company's garbage at its front door. He works at night and leaves an orange sticker marked with the picture of a fox at the scene of his attack.

Naturally, such action is against the law and all right-thinking citizens must join in censuring such behavior. We merely present the news of the Fox as a public service, and as a friendly warning to local polluters and despoilers.

The hounds of the law in hot pursuit,
With feathered feet and
Burning brain,
The Fox,

Sailed silently over sharply barbed wire
And disappeared again
Into the woods
Of night.

At the factory where gas masks and air
Were issued to those
Asked to stay
And fix

The giant chimney bent low and stuck
Into the intake valve of the
Air conditioning
System,

And where the dank and oily effluent
Ran, diverted, into the
Office of the
President,

The governor, mayor and police chief
Had called a meeting of the anti-
Pollution committee which
Consisted,

Not surprisingly, of the governor, mayor,
Police chief, president, and
All the major local
Polluters.

And the Fox was in the hills above the town,
While the factory was fixed and a bounty
Was put on the red one's
Tail.

The smoke from the new chimney obscured the
View from the hill, but the Fox
Knew that the plant was
In order.

For the river below was purple again, and steamy,
But he also knew that somewhere that day,
Another fox was
Born.





Moses In The Bulrushes

by Al Reinfelder

Unaware that only one person, even in biblical history, has successfully walked on water, Robert Moses and his pal Rock are once again preparing to skip across the waters of Long Island Sound against everyone's better advice and recommendations. Even the rather rubber-stampish state legislature twice voted to terminate all plans for the cross-Sound bridge. (The Rock vetoed both bills - one after it was too late for the congressmen to override his veto.) No one I know has seriously backed this span plan. Yet here it comes again.

How does Robert Moses, the now senile, self-appointed Grand Architect of All of Long Island (and of as much of the rest of the world as possible) get involved in this on-again, off-again bridge business anyway? Why is it that whenever this grandiose and unwanted scheme is mentioned his holiness emerges from the bulrushes, like a saintly wraith, to bless the project with his benevolent nod?

Many years ago, right after banning all anglers from the Jones Beach Bridges - and building as a substitute a few piers over infertile water - Good Old Bob decided that he would share the blessings of his Beach (Jones) with the citizens of Westchester County, upstate New York and Connecticut. (Won't it be great when everyone in the USA can be transported to Jones Beach on weekends.) Since most people were then still unable to walk on the waters, Big Bob designed himself a bridge from Rye to Bayville along with a neat spaghetti-network of roads, clover leaves, over passes, under passes, service roads, interchanges and right-of-ways to get the happy motorist from the bridge to the beach.

Profit programmed planners among the mighty councils of Long Island Establishments rallied to Moses' Movement when they saw the

tremendous potential of the bridge for More Development. Their hungry mouths could hardly produce enough saliva to express their passion for increased commercial interchange with the American Mainland. In their mind's demented eye the Big Boys saw motels and shopping centers, factories and gas stations, high-risers and more banks than ever before. It was the road to paradise for the myopic leaders of local enterprise. Mo was the spiritual leader of the materialists.

If you are wondering what the current status of the Bridge Scheme is, wonder no longer. It is very much alive, and as well as a near sighted pit viper. Despite the double defeat of the plan by your elected representatives in Albany, plans and studies and necessary legal moves go ahead full steam in the direction of a Long Island Sound Bridge.

A study of the environmental impact of the proposed span has been completed by the state. Needless to say, the state poo-pooed any damage to the environment by the bridge or by its construction or by its roads, despite the fact that the report itself was forced to mention such apparently minor matters as noise pollution, air pollution, water pollution, marshland destruction, habitat reduction, and town disturbances. Such matters as visual aberration and effect on Long Island growth and development were not even mentioned.

(Visual esthetics were undoubtedly not thought worthy of consideration since Saint Robert had already expressed himself of the subject, saying that the bridge would be like a "gossamer thread of silver" across the waters of Long Island Sound. Since growth and development are still thought to be good things by MANY IGNORANT PEOPLE, this part of the bridge effects was left out entirely.

As a matter of fact, the effect of the bridge on the industrial and residential burden of Nassau and Suffolk Counties is the paramount reason for opposing this bridge. Already at the brink of total degeneration into urban deformation, decay, water shortage and pollution, this bridge would end all hope for the Island's future as a pleasant place for people to live and visit.)

An official notice to mariners has been issued by the U.S. Coast Guard for a preliminary review of proposed bridge alignments across Long Island Sound. (Public Notice 3-156, 18 December 1972). **ALL BOATMENT SHOULD SEND FOR THIS NOTICE AND RESPOND IN WRITING PRIOR TO FEBRUARY 1, 1973.** Write for your copy of the public notice no. 3-156, U.S. Coast Guard, Governors Island, N.Y., N.Y. 10004.

In this document you will find six (count 'em!) versions of the Rye-Oyster Bay Bridge, all six or seven miles of them (depending on the version), with its 1,200 foot main span at a minimum height of 135 foot clearance, and its various arms and branches over Oak Point, Mill Creek, Oyster Bay, etc., etc., ad nauseum.

Want to fight it? Tired of the endless blasting, dredging, concretizing, filling, killing of every last vestige of natural loveliness on "your" island? Sick of being told what is really good for you by the likes of St. Bob and the Rock of Ages?

Ask citizens for sound planning, P.O. Box 634, Rye, New York 10580 to send you their fact filled fliers on this ill-conceived plan. Learn about the financial folly involved; find out how you and the other taxpayers of this state will have to shell out at least one-half Billion dollars by the time it is finished; find out why the bridge will IN NO WAY lessen the traffic on

any other road - but will instead bring in new traffic; learn about who benefits directly from a bridge construction plan - and who would be denied services to pay the bill; find out how the bridge will hurt the needed development of ecologically sound mass transportation into New York City; read it and gird for action!

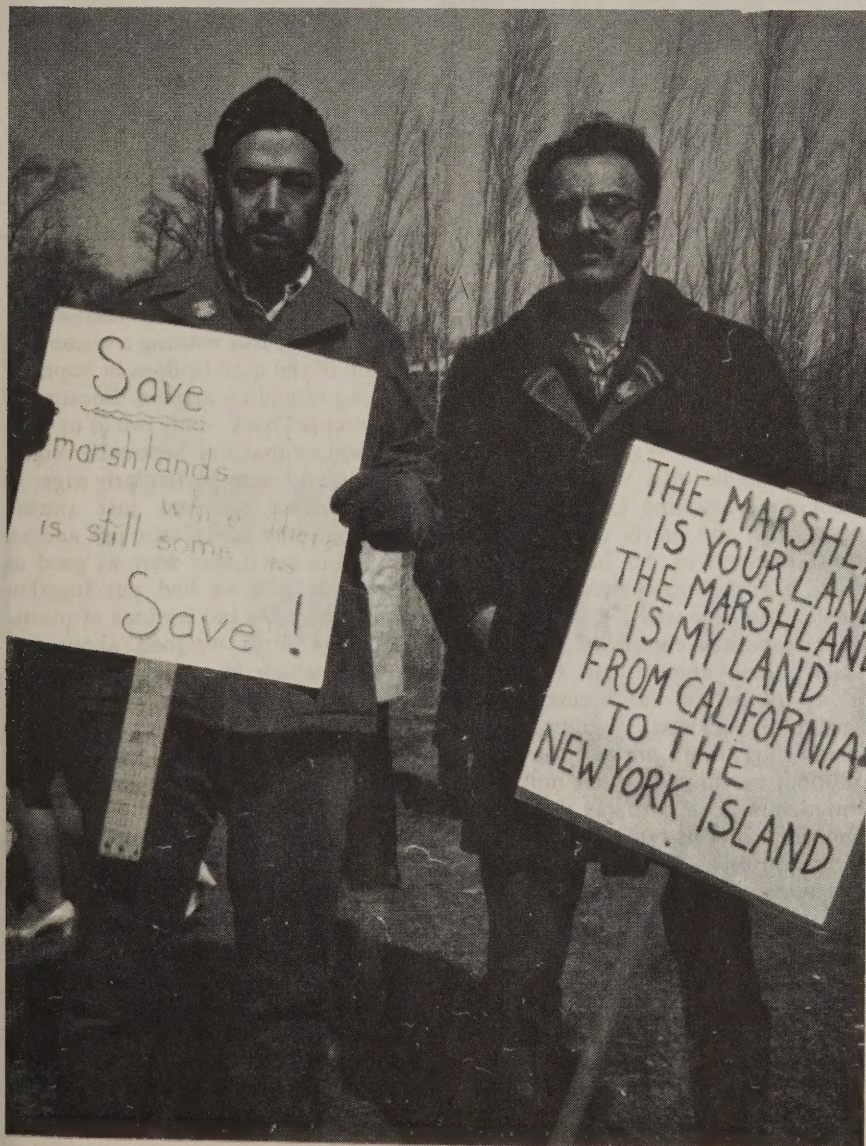
FIRST FIGHT FOR YOU!

The MTA (Metropolitan Transportation Authority) and the NYDOT (New York State Dept. of Transportation) will hold corridor public hearings on the proposed bridge and approach highway in the main auditorium of C.W. Post College, Long Island University, North Hempstead Turnpike (Rte. 25A), Brookville, Long Island, N.Y. on January 15,

1973. The hearing will be continued in the Westchester County Center, Central Park Avenue (Route 119), White Plains, N.Y. on January 17, 1973. Daytime sessions at both locations will be at 10 AM and evening sessions at 7 PM.

If you can't come, at least write!

If you are upset by all of these issues (Con Ed, the AEC, Shoreham Nuke, oil refineries coming, drilling coming, offshore dumping of sewage and sludge, etc.) perhaps you will realize that this Island is under seige! You can't just fish and forget any more, brothers. That was the luxury of another age. If you want anything at all left to your sons and daughters, prepare for a long fight on many fronts.

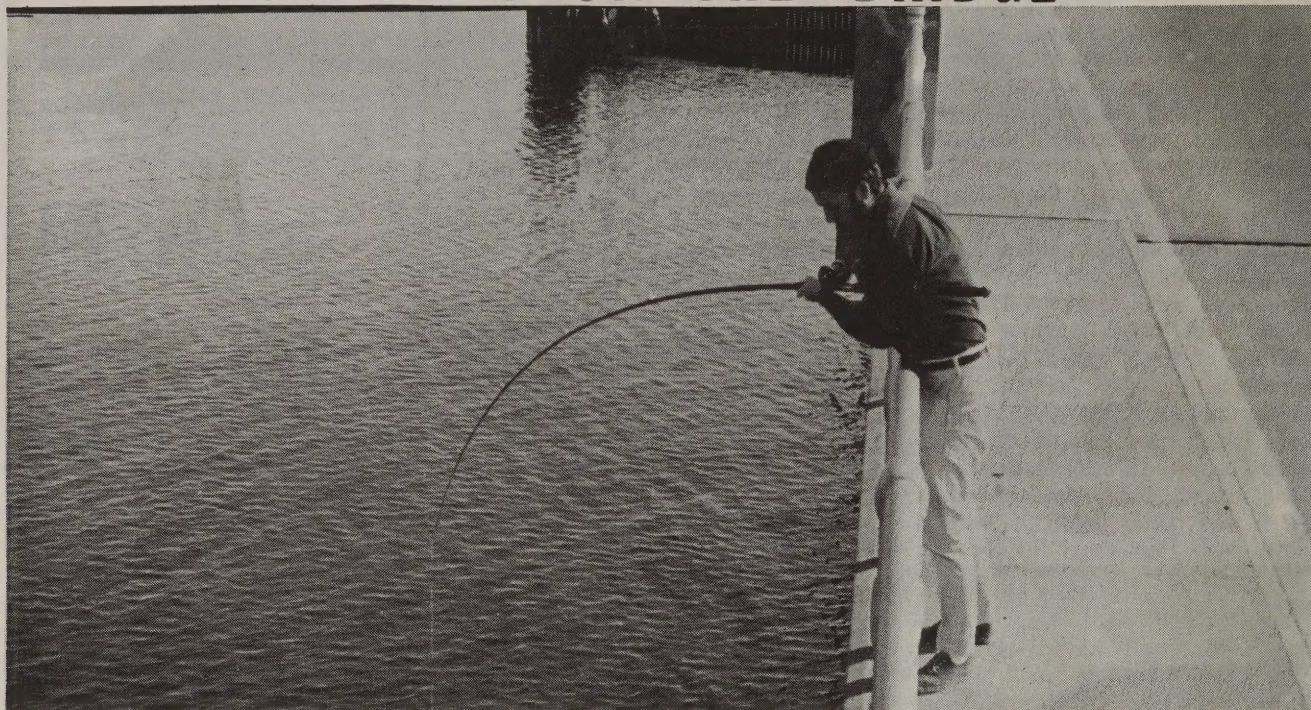


Al and Lou Palma in the bullrushes at Udall's Cove.

**AL,
YOU WILL
BE IN
OUR
THOUGHTS
ALWAYS**

Pro-Line Boat Co.

OUTLAWS ON THE BRIDGE



by Al Reinfelder

Lou and I crouched down behind the railing on the northwest corner of the Wantagh Draw Bridge. The vehicle with the blazing headlights which had caused us to duck out of sight was a patrol car and it came to rest just across the parkway from where we were hiding. Two police officers got out with flashlights and scanned the shoreline along the opposite side of the bridge from where we were hiding. We had to make a move quickly before they came over to our side.

Lou dropped the few feet to the rocks of the embankment and scurried down to the water's edge. I followed immediately. The ebbing tide had exposed a narrow beach of stones under the concrete span and we used the slippery path to get as far under as we could. We waited and held our breaths. Heavy bursts of steam puffed from our mouths, but disappeared into the blackness before the cops' cutting lights could pick them up. The policemen were in search of outlaw fishermen.

Eventually their lights snapped off and it was still for a long time. The skimmers which had been working the front of the bridge razored across the inky mirror of water ebbing into the September night. A neavy new-moon tide murmured through the bridge

pilings, and somewhere out on the bay a bass slapped the surface.

I gave Palma my rod and crept to the edge of the bridge. Above me was nothing but the glare of the bridge lights against the starry night sky. I walked silently up the embankment until I could look over the wooden railing onto the Wantagh Parkway. The two policemen were directly in front of me, smoking. One was leaning up against the patrol car, the other stood between us, his back to me. I could hear the monotonous crackle of their radio. Frozen, I watched them draw from their cigarettes. Tangles of smoke liked about them for a few moments before the breeze melted them into blackness. I could see Louie starting up toward me with the tackle. Without moving any other muscles, I waved him back with my right hand and the two of us remained paralyzed for the duration of the officer's smoke.

The cop with his back against the car stood up, flicked his butt right past my ear and got into the car. The other followed and they were gone. Lou and I dropped from exhaustion. We were soaked in perspiration despite the chill in the early fall air.

It had been absolutely illegal to fish Jones Beach Bridges since the early fifties, and the handful of outlaws who continue to work the productive spans

since Robert Moses' ban, live the lives of the James Band. The night before someone's car had been found hidden in the bushes and an alert constabulary was making a systematic search of the nine bridges in hopes of routing offending anglers. Because of the intense "heat," only two of us were on hand on that fine September night.

Lou and I were particularly eager to fish because we had just started molding some new plastic jigs and we wanted to see if they were as good as the crude jobs we had put together earlier from the tail sections of plastic eels. The lures weighed about two ounces, which is a good weight for bridges, and were grey in color. The rods were the heavy duty eight footers we prefer for bridge work. Forty pound test mono on regular surf reels completed our gear.

The bridge we were on is known as the "second" or "little" Wantagh, which names it in relation to the southernmost Wantagh span across the state channel. But Louie and I always call it the "surprise" bridge, because of the many unexpected treats and weird happenings we have experienced there in the past. We figured that the close call with the state police was going to be the event

for the evening, but we were wrong.

Lou walked directly to the dark corner formed by the southeastern bridge-tender's house and the bridge itself. Here, a heavy current piles against the concrete walls to form a pocket of still water among turbulence. He threw a plastic jig against the base of one of the channel pilings and let it slide into the heavy water pressing into the wall. Lou calls this hole "Louie's Hole Produces Again." I was sure that the police would hear that and come streaming back with red lights and sirens blasting, but they didn't and I was able to watch Lou fight his fish.

We always try to keep a bass up on top as much as we can. A green fish in that tide can generally do what he wants for the first critical minute of the fight, and what he generally wants is to cut your line on the nearest piling. I looked down and saw a large white hole in which a very big bass was thrashing and rolling like a lassoed bull. The fish was too big to hold on the surface, so Lou had to let him get a purchase on the flowing water. The bass sounded and then moved over to the right into the next span. We followed closely behind.

Lou had knocked the better part of

this fish's guts out during the first fifty seconds, so it wasn't long before he had him pretty tired. Because of the strength of the tide it took him a while to work him to shore but eventually he was able to lead him to the bank where I waited with the gaff. I slipped the hook under his gill and pulled him up on the slippery rock bank. The bait tail was deep in his mouth and the line was badly frayed where it had rubbed against his teeth. (Ed Sens always told us to use wire leaders for this very reason, but we preferred taking out chances with straight mono. Sometimes, like this, it worked out. Sometimes it didn't.)

Back on the bridge we began to scan the shadow line. Nothing was showing on the front side (facing the tide) south of the channel, but this was understandable in view of the fact that Palma had just dragged a thirty-two pounder across the entire area. (It is really best to work a bridge from shore out toward the middle, but I didn't want to say anything to Louie at this point. He knew it anyway. He just couldn't help himself when he made that first cast.)

On the north side we saw fish, though. (If you've never seen bass from a bridge, you've really missed

something. They show up just like pitch black cutouts on a grey background. You can see their fins as they slide along the shadow line waiting for bait.) I made a cast from right above the shoreline and watched it slide across the shadow line just six inches below the surface. It got two feet into the darkness and was taken by a fish in the twenties who ran straight out into the light and leaped three feet into the air like an Atlantic salmon. Lou didn't wait for my fight to end. He knew that there is a good sand beach here for landing fish.

Instead he moved to the next opening which was under a good light and nailed another big fish. We worked our way in this fashion back up to the bridge-tender's tower where I hooked a fish which turned on me before I could as much as lift his head. He freight-trained it under the bridge and cut me on a piling on the other side. I don't think he stopped until he got outside of Jone's Inlet.

The big surprise of the "surprise" bridge was that we never left it. It was a big producer that night, as it often is under a new moon in September. At dawn, like the outlaws we were, Lou Palma and I stole away for a thieves breakfast at the "Easy-Greeze" Diner.

**" DO NOT ASK
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—
IT TOLLS FOR THEE. "**

GOOD-BYE AL

Normark Corp.

THE NANTUCKET STRIPED BASS PRESERVE

by Al Reinfelder



It is July 4, 1981. Outdoor writers from every coastal state have gathered at the Goose Hummock shop on Cape Cod in preparation for the opening of the long-planned Nantucket Striped Bass Preserve. Long lines of camping vehicles are strung along the shoulder of the ten lane highway which takes tourists from mainland Massachusetts to Provincetown City at the tip of Cape Cod.

Most of the writers are in their air-conditioned vehicles enjoying TV tapes of old-time fishing. Others are busy at their typewriters. Outdoor writing has now fallen into two categories: Fiction and History. The fiction writers conjure up images of clean water, diving birds, and hard-hitting fish. The historians confine themselves to factual accounts of fishing as it once was. They discuss such topics as "plugging: From the first black bass lure, to the last striped bass lure" and "Who caught the last bluefish."

Outside, the yellow haze drifting up from the South West only occasionally allows the sun to penetrate. It is very warm and the soot-fall is unusually heavy. At five o'clock a two hundred passenger bus pulls up and every writer takes up his pad and pencil and files in. To the surprise of everyone, the windows have been replaced by color television screens which depict various sunlit outdoor scenes. The sets are so synchronized that it appears as if the bus is actually moving through farmlands, mountain passes, and rocky sea shores.

As the bus gets underway some of the writers fall down in the aisle because they cannot orient themselves to the real motion. Several hostesses run up to help the confused writers. They guide them to seats and prepare drinks which immediately make them feel better. Once underway, everyone is served drinks which support the illusion of motion through the great outdoors. Some of the men begin making notes describing the scenery. One writer asks to be shown a real

window. The trip manager is called to dissuade this gentleman from asking an actual view, but in the end he is lead to the driver's compartment and allowed to enter.

From behind the drivers seat the writer can see the new road which winds easily through the lovely Cape-Cod style super apartment buildings. Some of the new houses are so tall that he cannot see the tops of them through the haze. The highway sweeps across Monomoy Peninsula Colony and onto the long bridge which links Monomoy with Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Cuttyhunk, and the entire chain of Elizabeth Islands. This complex of roads and bridges is known as Corps Circle in honor of the Army Corps of Engineers which built it for the purpose of transporting the huge earth moving equipment it needed to build the system of tidal basins, flood gates, dikes, and power stations in Nantucket Sound.

It was as a result of the turmoil and dislocation caused by this project that the Nantucket Striped Bass Preserve came into existence. Around 1975, because of the continued pollution of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and the superheating of the Hudson River by nuclear power plants, the striped bass was becoming extinct. The huge hatcheries built by Con Edison as a gift to fishermen were flops. Once released at sea the bass died because of the lack of bait. Sportfishing for these great fish came to an end.

As the Army Corps project had so disturbed New England bluefish in their summer feeding grounds that this species too was no longer to be found, it was thought that an artificial fishing ground could be created to simulate the actual conditions of angling once loved so dearly by millions of people.

Thus it came about that money left over from the 800 billion dollar water project went into the development of this recreational area. A giant New York public relations firm had been

sending out news releases on the project for months. Striped bass from the Con Edison hatcheries were introduced and baitfish imported from Greenland were systematically fed to the fish. But tomorrow would be the first time that people from the outside would be able to see and enjoy this marvel of technology.

At night an enormous party is given for the outdoor writers by the Army Corps of Engineers. There is much drinking, indoor fireworks, and at the height of the party a red, white and blue bulldozer is driven into the room for all to see. This is the actual vehicle which pushed the final mass of earth closing off Nantucket Sound from the sea. The engineers stand and salute the giant machine, but many of the outdoor writers are too sick to move.

Breakfast the next morning is excellent and it is followed by a brief briefing by the Corps Commander. At the end of this he leads the writers to the Preserve itself.

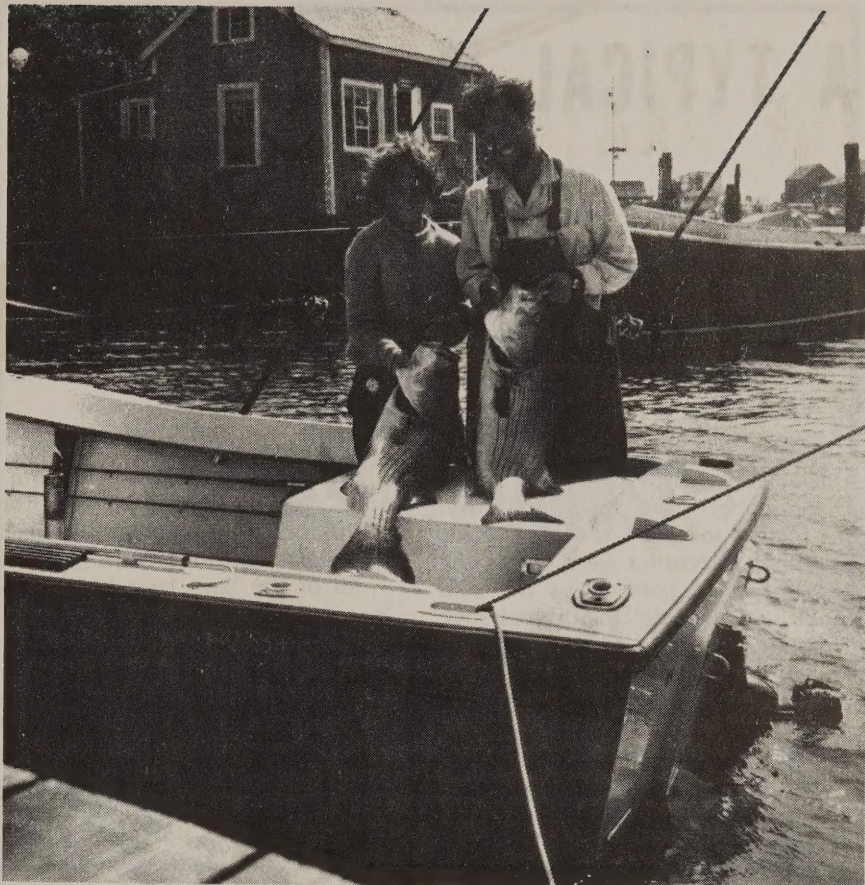
It is a marvel to see. Eighteen numbered pools are set up to simulate the various types of striped bass angling. The commander describes it as sort of a "miniature golf for fishermen."

The first pool represents "Marshland Bank Fishing." Plastic marsh grass has been artfully pushed into a brown urethane material in a near-perfect simulation of the real thing. Five and six pound bass can be seen moving slowly through the water. A writer is invited to try a cast. He throws a popper up against the bank and begins working it back. Many writers are so enthralled with the overall scene that they can hardly watch the fishing. Consequently they miss the hit as one of the fish - a somewhat sickly looking fellow - goes for the lure. The outdoor writer sets the hook and reels the slightly lethargic fish to the edge of the pool where an Army engineer picks him up in a net.

The second pool represents the surf. At a far end of this long pool a wave-making device sends small even rollers up to the sandy shore at the writer's feet. A well known surf fisherman is invited to try. Unfortunately this rather grim looking writer misses the tank and his long cast smashes the neon sign which reads "High Surf."

Other pools have small boats on them which allows the writers to troll. Because of the shallowness of the pools, however, no more than ten feet of line can be let out. Nevertheless, everyone catches fish. The commander explains that for two days the supply of baitfish has been drastically reduced to assure "hot fishing."

The day is a perfect success except for the selfish act of one of the older writers in the group who commits suicide by hanging himself from the exhibit simulating "Bridge Fishing." It is obvious that he was not able to understand that, although these pools, and the Striped Bass Preserve as a whole, are not perfect, they are much better than nothing at all. And that in this way people can enjoy fishing and still have all the power and other conveniences that he and the other 400 million Americans need.

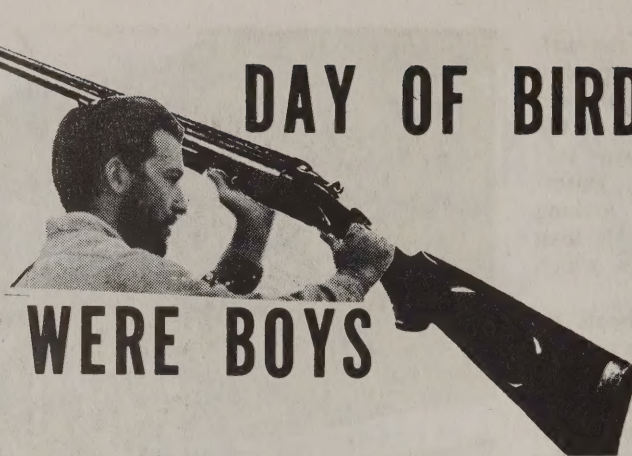


Al and Jesse Reinfelder at Martha's Vineyard.

**WE HAVE ALL LOST A GOOD
A GOOD FRIEND.
GOOD-BYE, AL**

Canachum

A TYPICAL DAY OF BIRD HUNTING WHEN WE WERE BOYS



by Al Reinfelder

Penney barked as Billy, Albert and Uncle Carl drove the lumpy green Dodge up from the garage and down the road to town. I was along for the afternoon, except for Aunt Flora, who silently peeled potatoes in the cold blue light coming in through the frosted windows of the outside kitchen. I went into the cooking kitchen and opened the warm-up cabinet above the oven. The quart jar of black coffee was still hot enough from lunch to drink without a re-heating. I poured a cup full and sat on Uncle's butcher's table. From the narrow window to the south I could see the sway-backed barn across rows of turned, brown earth, now rigid and white-edged in the cold of a new year. Late the night before the three of us had stood at the edge of the winter garden and emptied our shotguns into a crystal line sky in celebration of the turning of the year. We shot off the guns at about nine o'clock, and by ten - and after at least four good glasses of pilfered rhubarb wine - we tumbled into quilted beds, unmindful of the cacophany of sounds developing in New York Town a hundred light years away.

The night passed in windless quiet, and the first day of the new year was a continuation of winter peace. I finished the coffee and got dressed to go out. We'd been at the farm for almost a week. (Since Christmas evening, actually.) The hunting had been good for rabbits, but not one of us had brought down a grouse. I left the house with birds on my mind.

Behind the bars of the barnyard gate, Nancy and Brownie stood idly near the salt lick. Only their doleful eyes moved as I swung over the fence. I patted the rump of one of the cows as I passed and a small cloud of hay dust and dried dung dropped to the hoof-cratered yard. Beyond the pasture lay the woods.

I climbed over the first stone wall

and loaded a 12 gauge pump. A squirrel chattered somewhere in a high hickory tree. Two or three chickadees flicked among the bushes as I walked up toward the first field.

All of the land here had felt the force of man. The woods covered fields and pastures of long ago. The stone walls and rock piles spoke of hard work and determination: Yet, the pleasure I felt was not one of reverence for the workers of old, but for the strength of nature which had recaptured so thoroughly its once denuded domain. I pointed the gun at knots in maple trees and at odd markings in birches to loosen up my arms.

The second wall had a break in it. Earlier in the fall deer used to pass at dusk from the heavier woods of the ridge above to the grassy fields by the farm. How often I'd sat hard pressed against the butt of a hickory and watched in breathless silence, my heart thrusting up into my throat, as deer after deer walked delicately along this path. And when it was very near darkness, one or two bucks would ghost by me toward their evening meals.

No deer would be in this part of the woods now. But, before the day was over, I would surely find the skeletal remains of one or two wounded by foolish hunters who entered the woods only during deer season. Ever since my first legal deer hunt I have avoided the popular woods during this period of uncivil war. It just wasn't my idea of relating to nature.

As soon as I entered the clearing above the stones I saw a rabbit. Stone still, he held himself motionless against the rabbit-colored grasses on which he had been browsing. I turned sharply and he bolted uphill in a ragged zig-zag course among the brown bristles and field stones. I followed his passage along the top of the blue barrel, but did not fire. My

mind was on grouse.

I walked through the field toward the small spruce grove where we'd seen birds earlier in the week. Sometimes, a grouse would take off from one of the upper branches of the tree just as you passed under it. He'd usually be heading back the other way, too. This time nothing came out from anywhere.

At the very corner of the field, where the woods took over in full again, and where I least expected it, a single brown blur burst in a silence-splitting rush from a thick hummock. It was only a matter of seconds before the grouse disappeared among the trees. But I did fire the gun. As usual, I could not remember exactly when I shot, or where the bird was in relation to my aim when I pulled the trigger. Not a feather dropped.

I debated about walking down into the other fields or going up to higher grounds. It seemed like a nice day for the woods, so I continued uphill. The woods were as silent as woods ever get. Cold, dry branches crackled and popped despite the lack of wind. More chickadees flirted amongst the heavy tree trunks. To condition myself (a probably ridiculous theory of shooting I have always held) I would snap the shotgun up to my shoulder and aim at the tiny, darting birds.

Among a pair of evergreens at the base of the ridge two grouse blew apart about fifty feet ahead of me. They flew in opposite directions and I failed to shoot at either one.

About an hour later I came upon a pile of bones. At first glance, I assumed it was the remains of a deer. But when I approached the white ribs, I saw at once that it was from our pig which had escaped into the woods in late October. Like modern man, the over-domesticated creature had been unable to survive for long in the wilds as did the simple birds and squirrels.

I meditated on this as I arced down toward the last fields on the eastern end of Uncle's land. The sun was long down over the mountain and trees were purpling in the early afternoon. I saw no birds for a great while.

When I stepped into the power line, I saw a deer about half a mile away. He was crossing the opening quickly, and disappeared at once. Not far down the line was an old field, thick with tiny birches, no more than six or seven feet high. I walked through the tangle as best I could, holding my gun up and ahead of me. I passed a single spruce near the center of the old field and a grouse leaped into the air directly in front of me. My gun was on him and the shot came as much to my surprise as to the bird's. He was knocked over in a puff of feathers and fell to the ground in a small heap. I raced over to the fallen grouse. He was warm, of course, which always surprised and shocked me. But quite dead. I tied his feet to the thong I kept around my belt for this purpose and headed at once back along the power line to the farm.

Uncle and the boys had not come back yet, but by the time I dressed and plucked the bird, Penney started barking again and in another moment I too could hear the old car crunching up the gravelly dirt road. Uncle packed the grouse away with other small game, and stoked up the fire for supper. Billy and Albert were trying to make me jealous about some girl who had actually been civil to them as they cashed out at the supermarket in Milford, but - for a change - this did not bother me.

The next day everybody was up early to go grouse hunting. We left right after breakfast with lunches and everything, hiked all day long, even past Traub's property, and up to the Magic Lake, but saw not a single brown feather. On the way home, Albert shot three squirrels, and Billy got one. It was a typical day of bird hunting for the three of us.



IN MEMORY OF A GREAT GUY.

**SPORTSMAN
FISHERMAN
CONSERVATIONIST.**

GOOD-BYE AL

Penn Reels

IN DEEPEST SYMPATHY

The Anchorage, Lindenhurst



JIG TIME

by Al Reinfelder



Having recently returned from a trip to the Florida Keys, I have reached a new level of respect for the family of lures called "jigs". For during my stay in this area I caught about eight species of fish which I had never caught before and each one was taken on a jig. Of course my affection for these lures is not new, just more intense. The first striped bass I ever caught, my first bluefish, my first walleye, largemouth bass, etc., etc., all took jigs. And the bulk of all the fish I have ever caught were taken on lures of this type.

No lure-type is more important than the jig, yet no lure is simpler. No lure is older, yet new versions appear annually. No lure is known in as many versions and by as many names, yet none has at its root so simple a function.

What then is a jig? In my book, *BAIT TAIL FISHING*, published by A.S. Barnes, Cranbury, N.J., which is devoted to the subject of jigs in general and to the plastic jigs called "bait tails," I offered the following definition: "A jig is any weighted artificial lure which has no action of its own when it is moved through the water. This can be described as straight action. Its primary appeal to fish is determined by the method by which it is worked."

The most important jig in our area is the "bucktail", which is a lead headed, single hook lure offering a cluster of deer tail hair as a fish attractor. Other locally popular jigs are: Feather jigs, Diamond jigs, Nylon Eel jigs, Cedar jigs, Eel Skin jigs, and Multiple jigs. The newest is the plastic bait tail.

The main reason for the deep and

lasting success of this type of lure lies in its versatility. The jig can do everything. (A month ago I would have amended this to read, "almost everything," because I didn't believe the jig could do anything remotely like what a surface popper could do. But since my trip to Florida, I must admit that I have seen a guide actually "pop" a bucktail jig on the surface. He did this by holding his rod high, reeling fast and snapping the rod back and forth fast enough to cause the jig to break the surface with a resounding gurgle.) The jig can be fished shallow or deep, fast or slow, and it can do just about any kind of thing any lure can do in the way of action.

A great deal of skill goes into successful jig fishing, and this just adds to the satisfaction to be achieved with these lures. The angler controls all aspects of the lure's behavior. There is no built-in action. You make it do what you want. It won't do more or less than you ask of it.

Right now the striped bass in many areas are still finding most of their food on or near the bottom. This makes the jig a natural choice. A bucktail or bait tail will dive right down and bounce over the deepest bottom. And it will stay there as you work it. Here are three basic retrieves I have found successful on local bass when they are deep. (1) Reel the lure in just fast enough to keep the jig above bottom; (2) Add slight jigs to the above retrieve; (3) Actually bounce the jig over the bottom. All three of these modes will work in both still and fast water. The deeply fished jig is especially deadly in inlets and under bridges.

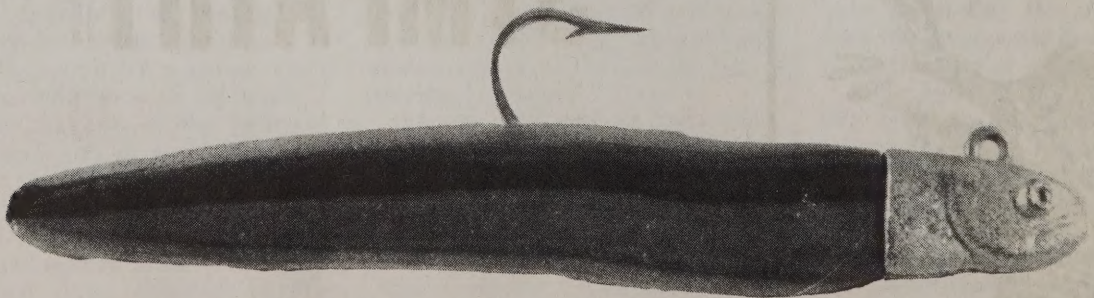
As the bass start to chase bait, jigs

can be worked closer to the surface. Start the retrieve as soon as the lure hits the water or when it has reached the level of the feeding fish. The basic retrieve for this kind of fishing is one where you reel moderately fast and jerk your rod once every second. The frequency with which you jig the rod can be increased at will. At times bucktails should be worked with a rod tip continuously whipping back and forth. A unique aspect of the bait tail jig is that it can be extremely effective on a perfectly straight retrieve during which there is no jiggling at all.

Trollers find these same jigs to be effective on early season stripers. In fact this years the very first catches of bass on our south shore were made on bucktail jigs trolled on wire.

In trolling, speed of retrieve is controlled by the speed of the boat. Thus the man on the rod concentrates on the depth of the lure - as determined by the length of weighted line he has released - and the action of the lure. Various patterns of jiggling should be tried before other lures are put out.

The third chapter of my book on *Bait Tail Fishing* is entitled: "How to Use the Bait Tail" but the principles outlined apply equally to similar jigs such as the bucktail and the eel skin jig. The most important thing in this chapter relates to something I call the "jiggling Equation." What this boils down to is that there are four completely separate factors which go into a given kind of jiggling. The equation reads like this: "Jiggling = Speed & Frequency & Distance & Force". I think that it is extremely important that an angler understand exactly what he is doing when he jigs.



If he doesn't, he is powerless to vary his methods and therefore cater to the particular tastes of the fish he is after. An understanding of the jigging equation will give you complete control over your bait tail, bucktail or other jig.

"Speed" refers to the speed of retrieve, if casting, and to the trolling speed, if trolling. Speed of the jig can vary from practically zero to faster than you can crank your reel handle. I find that for striped bass fishing, speeds should be slowest in waters with a strong current and when fishing near the bottom; and fastest along beaches, on tidal flats and when fishing the top. There are, however, many exceptions to these rules and there are variations throughout the season. Just prepare to change speed if you are not getting hits.

"Frequency" refers to the number of times you jerk your rod. As mentioned above, about one jig per second is average for our fish. The range, however, runs from no jigs at all to about two per second.

"Distance" in jigging is the distance your lure actually moves during a jig of the rod tip. In striped bass jigging, this distance should be no less than one foot and no more than about a yard.

"Force" is a very important concept

in jigging. It means the sharpness of your jigging motion. For example, say you are jigging once every second. You can cover your jigging distance - perhaps two feet - in half a second, or take the whole second to do it. In the first case your lure will dart forward sharply and stop, whereas it will swim forward smoothly in the second case.

It is possible to vary each of the four elements without changing the other, and it is possible to change all the elements simultaneously. If you maintain a given pattern of jigging throughout the duration of a given retrieve, or for a relatively long period while trolling, you are doing what is called "Regular jigging." If, on the other hand, you continuously vary one or all of the factors of the jigging equation, you are doing "Erratic jigging."

By fooling around with the various combinations of these elements you can duplicate the action of almost any baitfish from the shrimp to the mullet. This is one reason why so many sharpshooters rely on jigs - of one kind or another - for their basic fish production.

The title of this article is "Jig Time," but the truth is that it's jig time whenever you go fishing. It's that basic!

**WE WILL
REMEMBER
YOU ALWAYS,
AL,
DEAR FRIEND**

Lupo Tackle

**FAREWELL
To A Man
Who Was
Many Things
To
Many Different
People**

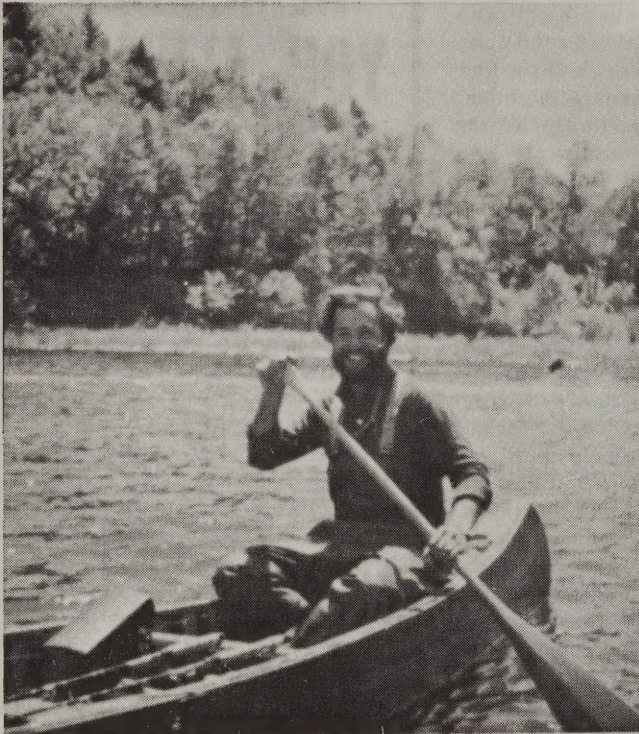
Garcia Corp.



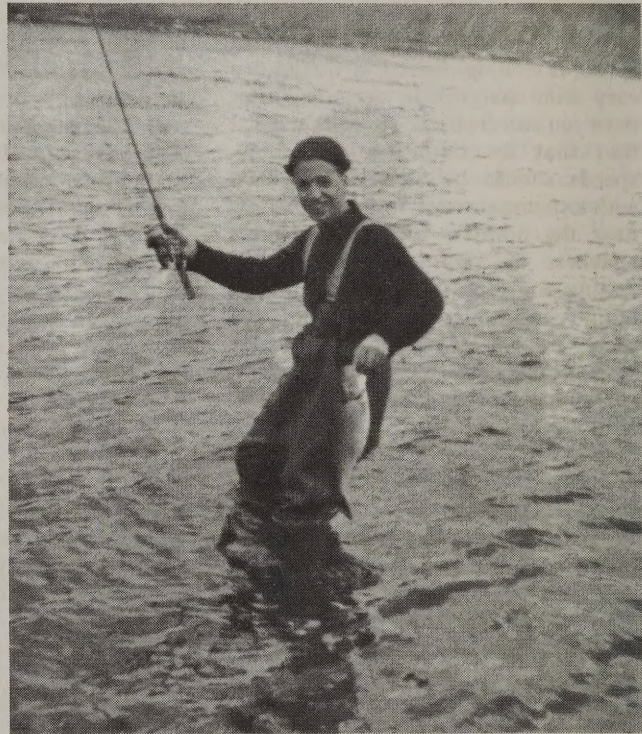
Al with a 43 lb. bass caught on an early model of the Bait Tail.

ACT NOW TO SAVE THE DELAWARE RIVER

by Al Reinfelder



Al on one of the many Delaware float trips.



Young Al with a Delaware shad.

On a recent flight to Syracuse, New York I watched the harried, crowded countryside of Northern New Jersey blend in with the deep green of a great hardwood forest. Through this heavily wooded area ran a stream which, even from that great height, could be seen to be clear and blue. It showed the white flash of rapids at several bends, and the deep tone of long pools, or eddies. Suddenly, I became aware of a familiar turn in the river; and there, nestled in the woods on a hill along the Pennsylvania side of the valley, was a farm I knew better than any other place on earth. It was Uncle's farm, near the now abandoned town of Parkers Glen. The river, of course, was the Delaware. I watched the familiar riff's and holes unfold as the plane flew up the historic valley. The rapids below the Shohola-Barryville Bridge were clearly visible.

My mind filled with sparkling days on that great stream. I felt the sharp tug of a smallmouth bass and saw the spirited leaps which make this fish so thrilling to catch. I watched as huge

trout - fish from two to seven pounds - rolled to a fly-cast streamer, or to a small, light, swimming plug. The blank eyes of heavy-bodied walleyes glistened in the moonlight as I struggled to hold them without the aid of a net.

But the biggest pleasure of the aerial view was the splendor of the region. Just as I had imagined it all these years, the Delaware River Valley is a heavily wooded, unspoiled piece of eastern forest.

In my various travels I have searched in vain for a stream as lovely, as gentle, and as kind to the angler, as the Delaware. For the casual fisherman, the frying-pan sized bluegills and the ever-cooperative bronze-backs were always in good supply. For the meticulous angler, bigger bass could be found, as could browns, rainbows and brook trout. Walleyes are there for the gourmet, and plenty of chub and rock bass fill in the gaps. The occasional pickerel is usually four pounds, which makes the catch quite an event, and now, thanks

to the Pennsylvania Dept. of Conservation, it is quite possible to hang a musky.

But, perhaps the most thrilling species of all in the river is the shad. If the shad is the poor man's salmon, then the Delaware is the poor man's Mirimachi. Unlike the highly touted Connecticut, where 99% of the shad are caught in the death trap below the Enfield Dam, the Delaware provides a setting in which shad fishing is at its natural best. You can float the stream, or work the banks, selecting good holding water, and working your shad jigs carefully over the bottom. When a fish is hooked, likely as not he will head upstream and amaze you with his line-stripping power even against a powerful rush of water. Most shad will leap as well in their effort to complete their spawning run.

Most of the Delaware River is available to the public. There are numerous places where you can park and walk down to excellent fishing. All of the river is open to canoeists, and the sport of canoeing has become an

end in itself on this river, which day-by-day becomes more amazing in its beauty as the east in general sinks into urban decay and suburban sprawl.

But all of this is now to end - **UNLESS WE FISHERMEN GET TOGETHER AND FIGHT FOR WHAT IS OURS, AND FOR WHAT WE WISH TO SAVE FOR OUR CHILDREN.**

On the books for many years now is a huge dam at Tock's Island, some 40 miles south of Port Jervis. The impoundment is to back water up this entire distance, thus covering not only thousands of acres of prime river valley upland, but the riffes, runs and eddies which make this stream so beautiful. The entire project, which is to include road moving, highway construction, recreation facilities, hydro-electric power development, and pumped-storage facilities, is monstrous in its scope and concept. I have just read the Army Corp of Engineers Environmental Impact Statement by conservation organizations, and I am disgusted with the complete lack of regard the Army Corps of Engineers has shown in this gross attack on a region whose beauty should be carefully protected. The dam itself is an insult to the river and the valley. Not only does it kill the flowing water aspect of the river - that is, kill the river for forty miles - but it will kill the shad run as surely as if a giant net were stretched across the river at Trenton. Plans for a fish ladder, fish elevator, or what-have-you are offhandedly discussed, if at all; and worst of all, no such device has been demonstrated to have a significant value in perpetuating a run, nor does it allow the return of the young fish once they hatch in the headwaters.

The waters to be trapped behind the Tock's Island Dam are to be used for flood control, hydro-electric power, drinking water, fishing, boating, water skiing, etc. The water is also to be available for release so as to maintain the correct salinity in upper Delaware Bay for the oyster farmers, and to keep the waters between Trenton and Philadelphia from becoming 100% chemical in nature.

Well you just can't use water in this many ways. In carefully argued rebutals, representatives of Trout Unlimited, Delaware Valley Conservation Association, Sierra Club, Save New Jersey's Natural Environment, and noted authorities in their fields

show that each of the proposed uses conflict with one another.

Because of the massive draw-downs required by most of the proposed uses, the reality of "Tock's Island Lake" is that it will consist of a dank, warm, silty lake, surrounded by wide mud-flats, and devoid of most fish life except the common American sucker.

The Army Corps may be good at moving a lot of earth, but their eyesight could stand a bit of improvement, because they seem to think this whole country is populated with common American suckers. Well it isn't. The people of this land are beginning to learn that they can fight city hall, they can stop mindless "progress," that their vision of beauty and their idea of value has political clout.

A few short years ago this project was to cost you and me some \$90 million dollars, it was a sure thing. Now, with the price tag up over \$235 million it is seriously being questioned in congress. Right now the whole thing is in the hands of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, which reviews the impact statements on huge projects. It was this council that recommended work be stopped on the idiotic Cross-Florida Barge Canal.

Let the President's Council know that you don't want a "Coney-Island-In-The-Poconos," that you want a free flowing, wild river, that you want natural woods, and not a "recreation area" for 10 million visitors (The Army Corps goal), that you want a real shad run, and that instead of using your money to kill the shad, they should spend it to clean up the pollution block at Philadelphia that keeps the Delaware run from being the greatest in the nation - as it once was.

Last week we urged you to work against pollution and habitat destruction, because these were the number one problems facing fish and wildlife today. If you agree with this, and want to do something, sit yourself down and express yourself on paper to : Mr. Russell Train, Chairman, President's Council on Environmental Quality, 722 Jackson Place NW, Washington, D.C. 20006.

It doesn't have to be long, but it should lay it on the line!

If you are particularly interested in this issue, write to: Mr. Fred S. Burroughs, SAVE THE DELAWARE COALITION, 969 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (212)759-0950.

A LIGHT THAT SHONE IN THE DARKNESS HAS GONE OUT

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FINAL SOLUTION TO THE STRIPED BASS PROBLEM: EXTERMINATION!

Con Ed and A.E.C. execs feel public reaction will be light; plan to go ahead with plans to eliminate remaining striped bass in Hudson River.

by Al Reinfelder

Plagued for years by annoying requirements to screen out the immature striped bass, white perch and other fish which were constantly being sucked into Con Edison's Indian Point Nuclear Power Plant No. 1 on the Hudson River, officials of the giant utility entered a new phase today with the stepped up use of Indian Point No. 2.

On October 2, the Atomic Energy Commission's staff recommended that the No. 2 plant be allowed to operate for five years, although, according to the N.Y. Times, "the staff said the present cooling system might kill up to five million, or more, young fish a year."

A highly paid team of Con Ed mathematicians, under the guidance of think-tankers from the Rand Corp., calculated that if there were, indeed, 17 million striped bass in the Hudson River, as reported by the Hudson River Fisherman's Association, the operation of Plant No. 2 would totally eliminate the river's population in three years and five months, well before the A.E.C. permit runs out. Con Ed agreed that this would be the best thing, in the long run, and decided to go ahead full stream.

Under-Secretary of Con Edison's Department of Land Acquisition, Marvin Soilbank, felt that the swampy marshland behind Indian Point No. 1, previously used as a dumping ground for the striped bass scraped from the intake screens, could now be put to more useful purposes. Public Relations Director, Bull Schmidt, suggested that the power station place an aquarium on the grounds, so that school children from the entire Hudson Region could observe the abundant fish life which used to reign in the river's waters.

By eliminating the striped bass entirely from the river, harassment

from conservation groups such as the HRFA and Scenic Hudson would be stilled forever. The constant agitation of these groups to utilize the known technology of closed circuit cooling systems, cooling towers, and the development of gas turbine electric power generating equipment, has cost the public utility some 17 million dollars during the past decade in advertising and public relations costs alone. "That's \$1 per fish," quipped Bull Schmidt.

Further savings will be realized in the total elimination of intake screens. "There will be too few fish in the region of the Nikes to worry about," announced Con Ed Conservation Department Head, I.M. Fullofit, at a special news conference set up at Radio City Hall. (The news conference was highlighted by a special 873,000 kilowatt light show and electric violin concert. This amount of electricity was exactly the extra amount provided for by the operation of Power Plant No. 2, which the A.E.C. said - N.Y. Times, Oct. 2, 1972 - would "outweigh the estimated corresponding environmental costs.")

Reached by telephone at his Cape Cod retreat, where he often goes to fish for striped bass "not spawned in the Hudson," Con Ed Promoter of New Facilities, Bill Bigg, told this reporter that the new position toward Hudson River fish immediately opened the way for the Storm King Pumped Storage Plant which had also been severely criticized for its deleterious effect on striped bass eggs, larvae and young. (The immature fish were to be sucked into a giant intake, dumped into a high mountain reservoir, retained until the power requirements reached a certain level, and then plummeted down the mountain through the turbines of a power generating plant. The trip was

"River now available for full exploitation," says Governor.

Conservation Department silent.

not expected to leave many fish around for a second run.) "Yes, we can now expect to go ahead on this project without too much opposition from the fishermen and bird watchers. If the fish are gone, they're gone. You can't kill 'em twice", the planner laughed.

In the New York Times report of October 2, the A.E.C. described the way in which the striped bass would be killed at Indian Points 1 and 2 (3, 4 and 5, would kill the same way, but it was not thought that any striped bass would be left by the time these were put into operation.) "Impingement, and entrainment" is how Con Ed will kill the fish, it was reported. To be "killed by impingement" is to be caught in the cooling system's intake screens. "Such kills have already occurred following tests at the plant, although not in the numbers the staff said would be caused by full operation."

"The staff also estimated that in June and July of each year, 30 to 50 per cent of the newly spawned striped bass that normally migrate southward past Indian Point to the ocean "are likely to be killed" by entrainment, that is by being sucked through the intake meshes into the plant."

High officials of the State Conservation Department were unavailable for comment on the plan to totally eliminate the striped bass from the Hudson System. However, an assistant to the third under-secretary of the director of Public Relations and Finance said that he was in the process of preparing a statement in support of the A.E.C. - Con Ed positions, even though he had not yet read the reports or studied the plans. "These boys play ball with us, so we generally rubber stamp their ideas on things like power

plants," he announced. Asked if he will miss the fishing in the Hudson, the Conservation Officer replied, "Fish? I'm a golfer myself. No one in our office fishes. Do you think we're crazy?"

Manufacturers of fishing tackle responded to the news of the end of Hudson River Striped Bass (which, according to the A.E.C. report, and which is well known to all local anglers, furnish the bulk of the fish stock along northern New Jersey, Long Island's South Shore, Long Island Sound, Connecticut and parts of Rhode Island and Massachusetts) with this statement: "The National Association of Tackle Manufacturers deplores this waste and we urge all to write their congressmen demanding the immediate development of artificial lakes to take up the slack. These impoundments should be stocked with trout, coho salmon and black bass. Marinas, launching ramps, amusement parks, tournament facilities should be provided along with new roads of access to allow the maximum number of participants."

T.V. salesmen in the New York area were pleased with the prospect of no more striped bass. "A lot of these fishermen never got around to buying color televisions because of their intense involvement with bass fishing. Now these nuts can settle down in the evening, open a can of beer and join the rest of the world watching Wild Kingdom, the American Sportsman, and Vietnam War news in living color," is the way Joe Blench of Stevens TV put it.

New York policemen were not so happy. We asked Bill Wells of a downtown Bronx precinct what he thought of the Con Ed move to exterminate the striped bass.

"It's a funny thing. A lot of these kids were just starting to get into fishing. The Hudson and East Rivers were beginning to clear up a little, and guys could actually catch bass here in the Bronx. Now, with the prospect of good striper fishing a dead issue, you can almost sense the need to turn back to the streets for excitement. I wonder if Con Edison - or all those millions of people who simply have to have air conditioning and electric can openers - ever figured that their cost figures for electricity don't include dope money and hospital costs for knife wounds? Maybe this "power-need" thing has gone a little bit too far when they have to kill fish to get electricity.



Al and Lou Palma casting for stripers and channel bass.



Al with Charlie Whitney of Provincetown, Mass.

THE NATURE OF POWER

by Al Reinfelder



"Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely."

In examining the controversy surrounding the proposed bridge across Long Island Sound, many root issues facing all men in an age of impending ecological and societal disasters are revealed. This article is an effort to examine one of these issues: power. No, this is not a study of the energy crisis, but rather a few thoughts on something perhaps more basic, something behind both the energy crisis, the bridge problem, and the environmental dilemma generally.

1. Power is Basic to Man's Nature

Man is moved and motivated by power. He needed it to survive a million years of evolutionary development; he needs it now to live. Power is life's driving force; the machine energy of his biological self. Checked and shaped by human values, power feeds man's body and nourishes his soul. Run rampant, it is crushingly destructive.

Man has become the dominant species of planet Earth because he is bold and strong. The strength of his arms, the skill of his hands, and the subtleness of his mind are each powers which contribute to his dominance.

No wringing of hands at the abuse of his power can change this aspect of man's nature. Be aware, then, that at the root of all thrusts which drive men to build great structures, conduct violent wars, and fight valiantly for what they believe, lie primeval forces which are not to be taken lightly.

Why power fails to produce good; and how power might better be used; are the only valid questions here. That man is driven by power cannot be ignored. Wisdom guides power - it cannot deny it.

2. Wisdom

The control of power for man's good is wisdom. But the growth of power outruns the cultivation of wisdom. This is the curse of man - particularly

western man whose culture has overpowered most of the world without replacing the destroyed ways of life with equally satisfying life-styles.

Without wisdom power runs amuck. Like the flailings of a wild and untutored giant the ability to change life has outstripped the patient intelligence of those who would counsel a saner course. We must counter this trend to assure not only a better way of life, but survival itself. The crazed giant can wreck his own home.

Against the indiscriminate use of power we must oppose wisdom. But wisdom is hard won and we must obtain time to cultivate it. We require a moratorium on the wanton exercise of human power. Every delay is a gain. Fight for time - and use it well.

What constitutes wisdom is for all men to decide. It is the most basic of life's problems. But it has not been our fortune to have been raised in a culture which seeks the solution. We are thus ill prepared to be wise. Yet we must begin somewhere. Why not start by asking: In what kind of world would I wish to dwell? What would the environment be like? What honorable and satisfying work would I choose? What pleasure and challenges would I seek? What values would I wish for myself, my children, and for future generations? Learning, with others, how to approach these ideals is how wisdom can be obtained.

That today's society fails most men's ideals is a shocking indication of how far we are from the false images so glibly projected by official sources. That we can hardly conceive of ourselves playing a role in the future design of our own culture, however, is an even greater sign of failure.

To cultivate private ideals and then share this vision with others is a

renaissance of man's rightful place as a wise and creative figure.

3. The Many Faces of Power

Unmitigated power is a strong and devious enemy because it is not always recognizable in its various guises. In modern society power takes many forms - both direct and abstract. Whereas the most important example of power once lay in a neanderthal's club-wielding arm, power now finds its most poignant expression in a roll of green-back bills. Whether as real estate, business, government influence, or hard cash, the dollar does the talking.

Any organization of those who possess power, also becomes a power. Thus banks, commercial groups (like the Long Island Association), labor unions, business lobbies, and the government itself become real manifestations of power. Being, for the most part, without wise counsel they are all potentially quite dangerous. All the more so because organizations concentrate and magnify power. Banks gain power, for instance, from the piddling deposits of thousands of powerless depositors who have no voice in, or knowledge of, the uses of this power.

But aside from these abstract forms of power, we must recognize the following direct manifestations or primitive power: SPEED, BIGNESS, GROWTH, STRENGTH, CONTROL, and INFLUENCE.

A thousand disguises conceal power from the unsuspecting. Recognition must precede control.

4. Power is acquisitive, self-perpetuating and blind.

Power knows no limits. Those who have it crave more. It intoxicates. The man with a dollar wants two. The governor wants to be president. The

president aspires to god-like powers. It is the nature of things.

Power provides the means of more power, thus aggravating its acquisitive nature. The rich get richer, because they can afford to spend part of their wealth to earn more. The governor can become president more easily than you, because he knows more powerful people and is thus more powerful himself. This, also, is the nature of things.

But above all, power is blind. It cares not for what it consumes. Without the guiding hand of wisdom, power is dangerous, self-motivated, self-justifying, thrashing about among life's valued treasures. Power need have no goal or guide but its own growth. And this is where its dangers lie.

Without wisdom power will destroy even those other values held by the wielders of that power - as when road builders bury their own back yards, or oilmen pollute their own beaches. Although both the business members of the Long Island Association and the labor members of the construction and trucking unions both stand to increase their bank rolls as a direct result of the proposed bridge, these men will continue to live on Long Island and will thus be subjected, like the rest of us, to the increased noise, crowding, pollution and traffic stimulated by the very bridge which brings them more business. Their increased wealth (power) is paid for by diminished values in their very own lives.

The acquisitiveness of power makes men strive for more; the self-perpetuating nature of power gives them the means to get more; the blindness of power allows them to trample on the very things which make life worth living as they achieve their unilluminated goal.

Because power has been allowed to exist and grow without the mitigating influence of human values, there is no end to the power-increasing schemes with which we are beset. Highways as wide as entire farms blanket our uplands; power plants multiply to consume resources; houses and factories crowd the hills; uses for water multiply as wells go dry; and phoney sewer treatment plants send abused springs to the putrid bays and away from the thirsty tables of water below.

And now a bridge, to multiply and magnify the problems of which we already have an over-abundance. Such

is the thirst for power, untempered by wisdom.

Complementing and complicating the above listed characteristics of power is the worship of power for its own sake. Bigger planes (SST), larger power plants (Indian Point and Shoreham), faster roads (L.I. Expressway, more airports (Offshore Artificial Islands), more fuel (Offshore Wells and Alaskan Pipeline), improved rocketry (mooning), better bombs (A and H), more of them (Arms Race), and longer bridges (Rye Oyster Bay and Orient Point - Rhode Island), are all ideas met with strong approval in most quarters as a consequence of the Western habit of applauding anything which is the grossest of its type - including the grossest thing of all: the Gross National Product.

The reason for this is that power has led to good in the past (whenever it was guided by wisdom). Thus a mistaken identification of "power" with "good" developed. This confusion has made it difficult for people to see that they are separate and, quite often, opposite.

Civilization has disguised much brute force as civic virtue. Thus, the men who plunder resources and sell all

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A LEADER OF OUR BATTLES AGAINST "PROGRESS".
WE WILL ALL MISS YOU, AL.**

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AND KEEP YOU, AL**

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dreams for profit are - each and every one - held in highest esteem, praised in school rooms, churches, and congressional halls. All because their acts represent power. And that power is worshipped.

Power-worship is deeply ingrained in our national character and has become a part of "common sense." Even words which represent aspects of power automatically take on positive connotations in the minds of the unthinking. Such words include: "Economic Advance", "Progress", "Development", "Growth", and "Higher Standard of Living". The use of these terms to denote positive aspects of life is strictly mythological.

The mindless worship of power is one of the forces supporting the bridge. This is hard to combat, but not insurmountable. First, such unwarranted worship must be identified. Make it clear to yourself, and then to others, that power, growth, expansion, development, or whatever else is called for, is not in itself good at all. To know if such things are good you must ask yourself if they contribute to, or detract from, those things which you truly value. Does the ease of driving from Long Island to Connecticut compensate for the fact that both areas are becoming less desirable places to travel to? If not, worship of speed (a form of power) diminishes!

Ask to what end the "more", "faster", "bigger", etc. are to be put, and then weigh these ends. Power is but a means, and is not a fit subject of worship.

6. Power is Not Equally Divided.

If everyone had equal power to influence the flow of society's energies a full and complete discussion of all major projects such as this bridge would have to be held, followed by a simple vote. Such is not the case. Someday, perhaps, such democratic equality will be approximated, but for the time being we are faced with extreme inequality of power. If this is doubted, just remember that money is power. While some men toil for the minimum wage, others manipulate funds into great fortunes. All men are not equal, to be sure. But all men should have a voice in how their planet is to be used. Such important decisions for life tomorrow, as well as for today, should not be made on the basis of one dollar - one vote, but for the most part, this is exactly how it is done.

At least business is clearly recognized as having little motivation

other than profit (increased power). So we are not so easily fooled by their claims of fostering the common good ("What's good for General Motors is good for America" - type of thinking). But labor is another matter. All men recognize the need for work. The deceitful part played by organized labor is that in its clamorous cry for work the union chiefs fail to allow the laboring men to participate in the decision as to what that work shall be. Would a construction worker rather work on a road or bridge which will destroy the beauty of the very land he lives on, or would he rather build a great recycling plant which could terminate solid waste disposal problems and re-use valuable resources? The fact is that he is never even asked. It is as if the only jobs a Long Island working man can do is build fighter planes, super highways or bridges. This is a patent untruth.

Such inequality can be fought, to some degree, with the limited democratic means available. But such battles require skill, knowledge, and determination - none of which are encouraged by those that hold the real power. By keeping the public out of the picture until the ground work has been done, one is not even given the chance to comment on a new project until it is practically finished. Note the years and dollars (your tax money) which were spent by Governor Rockefeller in the "environmental study" which proclaimed the wonders of the Rye-Oyster Bay Bridge even before you so much as got a chance to comment on the bridge. Note, also, that Shoreham has been under construction - even to the point of near completion - while a hearing board was deciding on whether or not this facility would even be granted a license to operate. So sure were the LILCO people that they would "win"; so sure was the government that the license would eventually be granted, that Shoreham construction was never slowed. If the hearings on this and other projects were truly objective and democratic, no rational company would spend millions on something which might be declared illegal after it was completed. Obviously LILCO never had the slightest doubt about the outcome of the hearings.

Until power is distributed among all who share in the burdens and blessings of this earth, a constant struggle must be waged between those who have an abundance, and those who have a deficit. This struggle is a

waste of man's creative energies.

7. The difficulty of opposing power

Those who oppose the bridge are moved by values other than economic, and this puts them at an awful disadvantage. You can't count and measure open space, or place serenity on an accountant's ledger. The alewives slipping quietly past Bayville up toward Beaver Lake are not commensurate with the gold coins stacked conspicuously on the board room table. And the separate souls who are enriched by the spectacular quietude of a sweep of rocky shore are no match for the united industrial leaders whose pockets stand to gain by speculation on a monstrous cleavage of that self-same shore.

The burdens of all quiet, sensitive, independent individuals who like things like forests, fields and uncluttered Sounds, is that they are forced to band together and act just like politico-economic power groups. The irony strangles the will of both the gentle and the wild-in-spirit.

Let us recognize, however, that if no power is mustered on the side of a creative, natural and adventurous mode of life, we will lose the battle of this bridge, as we will lose the battle of the nukes, the oil well fight, the refinery conflict and others not yet named, but imminent.

Wherefrom the power we need? From truth - for one; from boldness and action - for another; from unity with others - under the guidance of shared human values; and finally, and most difficultly, from the knowledge that ignorance and short-sightedness, and not evil, are the enemy. We must strip power from the blind builders by opening their eyes to a wider view - and, in so doing, add power to those who can see a tomorrow beyond their three score and ten; open glens beyond their rustic suburban barricades; and a life for man beyond nine-to-five redundancy.

So, gentle protestors, mild teachers, and shy fishermen, gird for battle on the only field open to those who oppose established power: political and legal confrontations. Only in numbers of bold and uncompromising citizens can power be mounted to defeat the powers that now sit as the master planners of Long Island, and of the continent.

Our power, however, must be shaped by wisdom. Only in this way can we build the kind of bridge to tomorrow which will lead to a better land.



LAST LETTER FROM AL

May 14, 1973

Dear Readers:

It is certainly surprising, though most pleasant, to learn through your many letters and calls that my irreverent ramblings and paltry attempts at fishing instructions, which have appeared with some regularity in the **Long Island Fisherman** since its inception, have been missed by you of late.

I offer no excuse other than the demands of the newly-formed and very active Striped Bass Fund. The task of uniting fishermen from Maine to the Carolinas on the east coast, and from California to Oregon on the west is considerable. And the enemies of the fishery we face are many and powerful. But it is not my purpose here to detail the many struggles in which we are engaged - from Hudson Rivers Con Ed to the James River's VEPCO (both of whom seem to be in competition for the "Most Vicious Predator Award") - because these things are well covered by our press releases which appear regularly on these pages thanks to publisher Rich Reina and Editor Glenn Voparil's cooperation.

What I wish to do is to say as simply as I can that I, too, miss my weekly opportunity to talk fishin' with all of you, and I intend to return to this pleasant business just as soon as Striped Bass Fund matters level off to "normal hectic". It is more than obvious that the **Fisherman** has cultivated a stable of writers of high caliber, so it is quite clear that my loss is greater than yours.

In closing, let me remind you that the Striped Bass Fund is a service organization. We work **for you** toward the preservation, and enhancement of the striped bass wherever he lives. The more support SBF receives **from you**, the more work the Fund can do **for you**. This is a no-nonsense, hard working, aggressive organization, working in cooperation with scientists and lawyers from up and down the coast to protect your interests - against any and all odds. For those of you who are not yet sponsors of SBF send a check to Striped Bass Fund, 45-21 Glenwood Street, Little Neck, N.Y. 11362. We'll put it to work **for you!**

Best regards,

Al Reinfelder

FROM THE STRIPED BASS FUND

One of Reinfelder's friends, and frequent fishing companions, Nelson Bryant, Outdoor Editor of the New York Times, said, after learning of the tragedy:

"Al's warmth, compassion, enthusiasm, and dedication to conservation causes brought him a wide and remarkably varied circle of friends. Even those who met him only once will never forget the encounter, for his empathy and intensity were irresistible, and - a true mark of greatness - he never spoke ill of any man. Now he is gone and the world is poorer. We can only hope, when the pain of the loss has softened, that those of us who agreed to assist him with the Striped Bass Fund will carry it through to success. We cannot do less.

"It is only rarely that a man like Al Reinfelder touches our lives and, although his magic was with us for just a little time, nothing will ever be quite the same."

A RECENT PRESS RELEASE

Urgently Requested by Al Reinfelder

Although the 3½ year Long Island Sound Regional Study is well behind schedule, it has already observed the increasing pressure of population on the area.

Mr. David Burack, study manager, reported that the group will conduct 10 public workshops from May 29 through June 13 to help determine goals for the area. If the public wants to be heard, it must be present at these workshops!

For Queens and Great Neck area, at 8 P.M., June 7, at Great Neck South High School in Great Neck.

For the Eastern Suffolk area, at 7 P.M., June 11, at Riverhead High School in Riverhead.

For the Oyster Bay and Roslyn area, at 7:30 P.M., June 12, at C.W. Post College in Greenvale.

For the Smithtown and Port Jefferson area, at 7:30 P.M., June 13, at Hauppauge Middle School in Hauppauge.

For the Connecticut and Westchester area, and for additional information, call the Long Island Sound Regional Study offices on telephone number (203) 772-0800. Their address is 270 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511.

PROTECT YOUR STRIPER FISHING

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In the Hudson. . .
In the Chesapeake. . .
In the Delaware. . .
On the West Coast. . .

Pollution, water diversion, unregulated netting, power plant and industrial use of cooling water. . . Every major estuarine spawning and nursery ground is faced with one or more. Their toll is your fishing.

Something has to be done and that's what the Striped Bass Fund is for.

Here's one example: Every day billions of gallons of water are taken from the Hudson for power plant cooling. In the water are eggs, larvae and juvenile fish. . . stripers and their support species. Experts, including AEC witnesses, have forecast continued decimation of these fish from the 5 major power generating centers. . . 4 more are planned. We are pushing for "closed cycle cooling systems."

On the Delaware its gross pollution; in the Chesapeake system the James and the Susquehanna are in trouble; on the west coast Coos Bay and San Francisco Bay have trouble.

The Striped Bass Fund was formed to unify the efforts of concerned citizens in the coastal states, fishermen, scientists, environmentalists.. interested in good habitat, pure waters and abundant marine resources are organized to pool information, energy and their own resources to meet and solve problems of pollution, industrial predation and bad planning.

The Striped Bass Fund is sponsoring research, education and where necessary will support legal action to protect the striped fishery. In 12 states directors throughout both coastal regions will identify problems affecting local waters and fisheries, help to establish priorities and organize for appropriate action.

STRIPED BASS FUND INC.
45-21 Glenwood Street
Little Neck, New York 11362



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South Shore Report

by Dick Mermion

MONTAUK

The "Hel-Cat" made a run to Cox's Ledge and came back to dock with codfish from medium size to big. Joe Masterson and William Ramos had the pool with a 47 lb. fish each. The "Helen II" stood with the Block Island cod for its charter, and cod from 5 to 15 lbs. filled the bags.

The "Marlin III" reported good fishing all week long even in all the bad weather, off Block Island. The average catch was 10 to 15 fish per man, and cod of 40 to 50 lbs. were taken each day. These big fish are possibly the forerunners of the new school that is moving in on the grounds.

The "Viking Skipper" fished the Southwest Ledge of Block Island and Jeff Breslew of Glen Oaks had 38 cod. Mixed in with the cod were some nice sized pollack. Saturday was a good day, however, on Sunday the cod must have taken a holiday for things dropped off.

Capt. Les Behan of the "Peconic Queen II" reported a fantastic day on May 21 at Cox's Ledge. Bill Chase of Elmont had 15 fish, all over 45 lbs. each. He and his two friends, Gary Stefanatos and Raiper Weber, had so many big cod that they couldn't close the trunk of their car. Lester Cohen came all the way from Hackensack, N.J. to fish the Ledge with Capt. Behan, and he, too, had trouble with the trunk of the car.

PROMISED LAND

Art Brand of Promised Land Fishing Station was kind of glum, not because of the fishing report, but because of the weather. "The fish are there, all we need now is the weather." Wednesday was one of the better days,

with the boats coming back with a mixture of flounders, blackfish and mackerel. The flounders are up to 3 lbs.

SAG HARBOR

Both the "Capt. Clark I" and "Capt. Clark II" are after weakfish now, and Capt. Clark Bellows, Sr. said the porgies are improving all the time, both in size and quantity. The weaks have dropped off slightly but a new school is expected any day now.

Helen of Noyac Marina reported that Al Leibfarth of Ringwood, N.J. connected on the weakfish. Al, who has been fishless to this day, brought out a party to show them how and where to fish, and he did just that. He and his party fished near Buoy 16 and used squid and green Saily Dogs.

SHINNECOCK

Fishing was a little slow this past week, only because of the lack of fishermen and fisherwomen, reported Altenkirch's Tackle. The weakfish are all around, however, fluke are really getting the play in the channel.

HAMPTON BAYS

Three Aces Fishing Center broke the ice on the bluefish this week. Several were caught inside the bay and they were from 3 to 4 lbs. The porgies are in pretty well in Peconic, and the weaks are on the spotty side.

The fluke are at the mouth of the canal, right outside the fishing station, reported Bradley's Fishing Station. Buoy 32 and the National are the most productive locations for the big weaks and porgies.

MORICHES BAY

Beach fishing has dropped off considerably, still a few short bass are being picked up, said B & B Tackle. Fluke are now definitely in the limelight. Several fish in the 10 to 14 lb. class have been caught. The sharpies working small plugs on the flats have been catching some stripers in the mornings, but a boat is needed.

Cerullo Bros. Fishing Station said that you can have your choice of fish these days. Everything is around and available. One party had 12 nice fluke up to 4½ lbs. on Wednesday.

Hi-Way Fishing Station also reported that several stripers have been chummed on clam bellies at the Elbow and fluke up to 6¼ lbs. have been weighed in.

MASTIC BEACH

Keenan's Fishing Station reported that weakfish are available and the fish that are being weighed in are all big ones. Mixed in with the weaks are blowfish, better known as "chicken of the sea." Bass are in the deep holes and mixed in with them are the fluke. Squid strips on a high and low rig will produce both fish in the same area.

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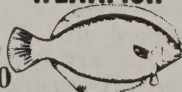
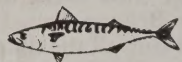
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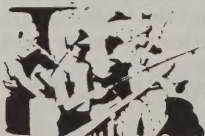
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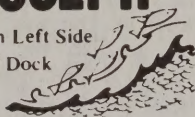
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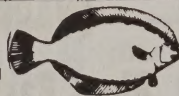
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FABULOUS

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Also there will be a Special Afternoon

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**POPEYE'S DOCK
LINDENHURST**

Flounders - Fluke - Weakfish

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FAST 85 FOOTER

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**May
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1, 2, 8, 9,
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25 MAN LIMIT

ALL TRIPS DEPART 8PM

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 Sat. 7:30 AM Sun. 7:30 AM

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 Leave Message on Tape 8 A.M. - 6 P.M.

WEST SAYVILLE

Dennis Masterson of the South Bay Fishing Station reported that generally fishing is about the same as last week. Dennis would like to remind the fishermen not to give up a spot too soon. Find the location and stay with it. Don't go roaming all over the bay looking for the fish. The holes are there, and so are the fish. When you get a hit, stay with it for there are always more fish in the school. Dennis sent Arthur Loosie of Brentwood out

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to a spot and he came back with 20
 weeks up to 7½ lbs. One of the best
 locations is the area between Buoys 4
 and 5 near Heckscher State Park.

CAPTREE

Everything is on the move at
 Captree. Flounder, fluke, weakfish,
 blackfish, blowfish and kingfish are
 available. Capt. Ben Litwin said Sy
 Kitay of Freeport had fluke to 4 lbs.
 and weakfish to 5 lbs. Two of his other
 fares had 12 fluke between them.

The "Capt. Rod" reported plenty of

flounder in the bay, just about 10
 minutes from the dock. The fish are
 there to be caught. What we need now
 is some nice weather to get the
 fishermen out. There are plenty of
 fluke now settling in the State Channel
 area.

The "Speedy V" is still making its
 double header runs on Friday,
 Saturday and Sunday, leaving the
 dock at 4:30 P.M., and heading for the
 weakfish and fluke combinations.
 Capt. Hubert reported that the fluke
 fishing is getting better and better
 each day.

Capt. Patafio of the "Yankee"
 stated the flounders (winter flounders,
 that is) are still holding strong. The
 average fish is in the 1 lb. class. The
 fish are in the bay, channels and the
 mussel beds.

Capt. Swanson of the "Sanco II"
 also has a double header run on
 Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. He
 leaves the dock at 2:30 P.M. and fishes
 for the most productive of the fish at
 the time. With nice weather ahead one
 can catch a variety of different species
 on the same trip.

The pier has been producing
 blowfish, flounders and fluke. At
 night, the weakfish move in and the
 night fishermen are able to hook some
 of the nocturnal feeding weaks.

Capt. George Tweedy of the "Capt.
 Scotty" reports weakfishing remained
 excellent up to Friday night. The
 weekend fishing was poor, with the
 weather being the probable cause.
 George said he found his best fishing
 in the east end of Great South Bay,
 West Island and off Heckscher.
 Weaks up to 8 lbs. were caught.

BABYLON

Sunday, even in the bad weather,
 showed fluke on the feed. Cold and
 wind didn't stop them. The "Flying
 Dutchman" had fluke up to 4½ lbs.
 on Sunday and the same on Saturday.

Charlie's Fishing Station reported
 weakfish of 6 and 7 lbs. were taken
 over the weekend. There are plenty of
 fluke around but there are many
 throw-backs. 14" is the legal length of
 the keepers.

On Wednesday a party out of
 Babylon Fishing Station fished Bay
 Channel and West Channel and
 connected with some nice fluke. Jim
 Connelly had 18 fluke, fishing west of
 East Fox Creek, using squid and
 killies.

LINDENHURST

John Schaefer of Charlie's Bait &
 Tackle said Ron Garraffa of
 Lindenhurst walked into his shop on
 Sunday with a whopping big
 blackfish. The fish tipped the scales at
 12 lbs. even. Ron was fishing the
 artificial reef in the bay using fiddler
 crabs.

EVER-READY FLEET

OPEN FISHING—\$5.00 (1/2 DAY)
WHOLE DAY \$10. Bait, Rod & Reel Incl.
EVERY SAT. & SUN. 7-11AM; 12-4PM
Private Charters, Luau's—All Occasions
ON LONG ISLAND SOUND
At: KNUTSON'S MARINA
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GARDINER'S BAY
FLOUNDERS
8 A.M. DAILY



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CHARTERS AVAILABLE

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65 ft. OPEN BOAT
"WEAKFISH"

SAILS DAILY 8 AM

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FAST - COMFORTABLE
85 FT. OPEN BOAT

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CHARTER BOATS - OPEN BOATS
RESERVATIONS - (516) 477-0008
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PECONIC BAY WEAKFISH

8 A.M. 2 BOATS DAILY 8 A.M.
FROM SHINNECOCK CANAL
HAMPTON BAYS

CAPT. CLARK

Capt. CLARK BELLOWS Jr.

CAPT. CLARK II

Capt. CLARK BELLOWS Sr.
Fishing INFORMATION Anytime
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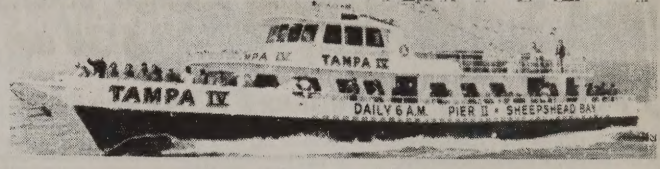
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"Taking Reservations Now For Special Tile Fish Trips At Hudson Canyon."

All Trips Leave At 10 PM, Return Next Day 7 PM, 1st Trip Friday,
May 25, & Sat., May 26 & Sun., May 27

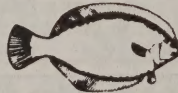
Tile Fish Trips Will Continue Mon., Wed., Fri. & Sat.
Nights Thruout The Month of June.

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Ladies Accommodations - Families Welcome
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SAILS 7 A.M. MON.—FRI.
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ALL POSSIBLE ELECTRONICS
112' ALL STEEL FISHING YACHT
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CHARTER BOAT

40-FOOT
SPORT CRUISER

"BABE"

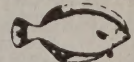
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SHEEPSHEAD BAY PIER 8

LADY LOU II

OPEN
BOAT



7 AM
DAILY

GROUP CHARTERS AVAILABLE
CAPT. DOM PALERMO (212) 438-1059

FAST 45' TWIN SCREW

TONE B

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, PIER 4
CHARTERS AVAILABLE

Capt. Charles J. Locurto (212) IL 8-8498

KEEP OUR
WATERS CLEAN!

Charlie's West Bait & Tackle reported the weakfish are still going strong. Billy Dewey of Hicksville caught his first weakfish. It weighed in at 5 lbs. 3 ozs. Billy heard about the Salty Dog lure and bought one, then came back and weighed the fish in. The Grumman Rod & Gun Club should be proud of Don Bartley. He weighed in an 8 lb. 4 oz. weak caught on a live killie. John Schaefer, Jr. reported Don caught the weak at the American Venice hole.

Capt. Hofmann of the party boat "Sea Horse" reports that he and the three charter boats that sail from Popeye's Dock are getting plenty of weaks. Flounders are holding up well, and fluke are making a good showing. Carmine Izzo of Copiague landed a weakfish of 8 lbs. on flounder belly. Most of the weaks being caught are taken on a high hook while flounder fishing. The areas being fished include Dickerson's Channel and the various hot spots which the captains have in the Great South Bay.

AMITYVILLE

Three stripers were taken in the East-West Cut and these bass took a spinner and plastic worm bait. The fish were weighed in at Combs Tackle Shop. The largest tipped the scales at 5 lbs. George also reminded us that he is having a fluke contest, with a Shakespeare rod and reel as a prize for the biggest fluke caught in local waters. For further information, contact George Combs Tackle Shop, Merrick Rd., Amityville, N.Y. George said that several of his customers have caught weakfish on live killies while fishing for fluke. "You never know what to expect on those live killie baits," said George.

SEAFORD

Lon Wanser, Jr. reported that the weakfishing is still holding up and should get better as the fish come off the spawning grounds. There are plenty of flounders around, and the fluke are now in.

Pop's Fishing Station said the fishing is holding up better than the fishermen. Weather is the big factor right now.

Tommy Fehan of Babylon and Ken Bergeson of Seaford Harbor teamed up to do a job on the flounders, blackfish and weaks. They fished near Squaw Island on Saturday.

WANTAGH

Frank Hecker of Causeway Bait & Tackle had the first news of bluefish. On Thursday evening a few of the "old hardies" fished Point Lookout, and they managed a few bluefish. The blues were taken on tins and Hopkins lures. The fish moved in for only a short time and they ranged from 3 to 6 lbs. Fred Locher had several nice weakfish casting Kastmasters from the West End Beach.

N.Y. Bight Report

by ART FREY

FREEPORT

Capt. Al Lindroth of the "Capt. Al" said Sunday's fishing was tops. Al fished the Fire Island Reef and saw sea bass like he hasn't seen in quite a few years. Sea bass averaging 1½ to 2 lbs. were the rule; some heavier fish were caught also, the biggest going 4 lbs. Some fishermen caught as many as 25-30 fish, although the average ran about 12 to 15 fish per man. Some blackfish weighing up to 5 lbs. were also, mixed in.

Capt. Bill Mieschberger of the "Capt. Jack VI" had a banner day with the fluke on Friday. Bill had eleven fares and caught 57 fluke. High hook for the day was 14 fish. Ken Kopleson of Massapequa had the pool fish which weighed in at 5½ lbs. Ken also managed 6 other fish.

Capt. Paul Schmidt of the "Aloma II" said the flounder fishing has been slowing up, while the fluke fishing has been improving daily. Beginning this upcoming week, the Aloma will concentrate more heavily on the fluke and weakfish.

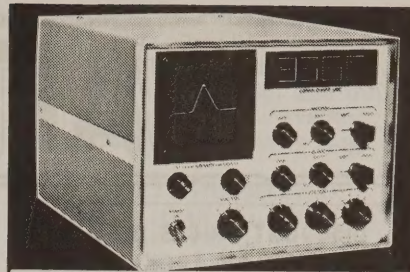
Capt. Richie Kessinger of the "Star Stream" said that on days when he can get out, local wrecks have been yielding good catches of sea bass, ling and blackfish.

POINT LOOKOUT

Capt. Art White of the "Angler II" did not sail this past week because of the poor weather. He has scheduled his tilefish trips for this Friday and Saturday evening. The Angler will be on a weekend tilefish run, departing at 8:00 P.M. Friday and Saturday until the bluefish make their initial appearance. For those interested, Capt. White advises there are a few openings left for the upcoming trips and recommends calling for reservations.

Ed Wardle of Ed's Fishing Station said flounders are still being caught in Swift Creek and also the Coast Guard Station. Fluke fishing has picked up in Reynolds Channel and at Jones Inlet. For those interested in blacks, the Meadowbrook Bridge has been yielding good size fish.

Capt. Andy Pollio of the "Junior II" said weakfishing has been fair to good, but was most excited about the blues he caught. Andy reported fishing shallow water south of Long Beach and landing five blues. The fish fell for squid and also bucktails which were jigged.



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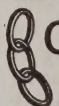
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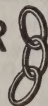
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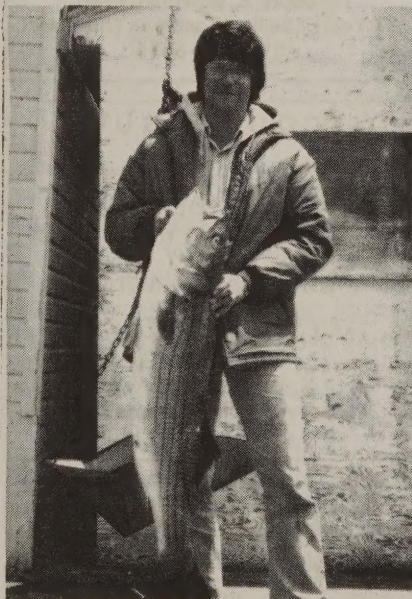
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ISLAND PARK

John Esposito of the Commodore Fishing Station said fluke fishing has been improving daily. East Rockaway Inlet has been yielding excellent fluke catches. John said fish can also be caught in Reynolds Channel at Buoys 8 and 9.

ATLANTIC BEACH

Leon Miller of Henning's Fishing Station said that Marty Fuer of Cedarhurst was fishing off Atlantic Beach on Saturday and landed striped bass of 18 lbs. 3 ozs. The fish was taken on a bunker spoon. Barney Gabler of the Bronx also landed a bass on Saturday. It weighed 18 lbs. 6 ozs. On Sunday, the Torres family from Brooklyn, consisting of Francisco, Nathaniel, Edgar, Edward and Edward, Jr., fished the Atlantic Beach Bridge and also the mouth of Bannister Creek. They returned with three heaping pails of blackfish weighing up to 3 lbs. and also a half dozen sea bass ranging in size from ¾ to 1¼ lbs. On Sunday, bass fisherman William Hores of Far Rockaway, fishing with Red Blumlein of Ozone Park, and also Dan Pickney, landed seven stripers at Sandy Hook. The fish ranged from 15 to 26 lbs. and fell for bunker spoons and tubes.



This 30 lb. striped bass was caught by Robert Krams of Lawrence, N.Y. in his skiff, south of Buoy 4 out of Debs Inlet. The fish grabbed a mackerel being reeled in on a 12 lb. spin outfit.

JAMAICA BAY

John Brando of the Cross Bay Rod & Gun Shop reports flounder fishing has slowed up. Striped bass fishing is improving daily. One group, consisting of Robert Laubach and Walter and Anthony Mille, weighed in 14 stripers, which were caught at the

Airport Piers, trolling bucktails and pork rind. John knew of another group that landed over 50 fish, also trolling that same area. A few weakfish can also be caught using Salty Dogs and worm baits.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

When I spoke to Capt. Rocky Becker of the "Tampa IV," the boat had not yet returned from Sunday's tilefishing trip. However, Capt. Rocky had been in radio contact with Capt. Victor Becker, who skippered the trip. Victor reported a catch in excess of 400 fish. Chuck Gellen was high hook with 15 fish. The Tampa is going strictly tilefishing and is sailing Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Reservations are required.

Harold Anderson of the Bay End Rowboat Station said good striper action can now be had at the Round House, and also the Plum Beach flats. Fish up to 10 lbs. are available, but for the most part the fish average 3 or 4 lbs. They are being taken on tube lures and umbrella rigs. Blackfishing is excellent at the jetty and local wrecks. Fluke fishing has been improving steadily.

Mike at Mike's Tackle said despite the poor weather, some boats returned with good catches of mixed fish. Most of the action has been off the Jersey coast in areas like Seabright and Long Branch. Catches consisted of sea bass, blackfish, ling and whiting.

STATEN ISLAND

Lenny Killoran of Santo's Sport Shop said fishing has been off this week. Lenny attributed this to the poor weather. A few hardy souls managed to put away a couple of bass here and there, but with no consistency. Lenny heard reports of striper trollers catching 4 and 5 lb. bluefish off Sandy Hook and the Atlantic Highlands as a by-product of their bass efforts.

SANDY HOOK

Joe Julian of the Atlantic Highlands said bass fishing continues good in spite of the poor weather. On Saturday, George Bachert and Bill Schmidt landed 16 fish while fishing off the Golf Ball at Sandy Hook. The fish fell for bunker spoons and ranged in weight from 10 to 23 lbs. A 54 pounder was caught on Sunday on the ocean side off the Highlands Bridge. It was taken by John Hays and the fish fell for a live bunker. Jim McPherson landed a 32¼ lb. striper while fishing from the surf at Long Branch on Sunday. Joe also knew of a 31 lb. fish which was taken on a plug by Jim Curkey. It was caught in the river at the Highlands Bridge on Monday.

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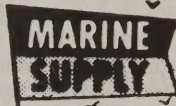
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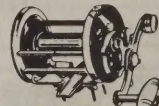
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SANDY HOOK

Even the windy, rainy weather didn't stop striper trollers off the Hook reported Julian's and hardies like Bill Schmidt and George Berkert had 16 bass on Montauk bunker spoons weighing from 10 - 23 lbs. on Saturday. Bunker dunkin' under the Highlands Bridge rewarded John Hays with a 54 lber on Sunday. In the surf bass action is spotty but Jim McPhearson's 32½ lb. striper on a live herring is encouraging.

SEA BRIGHT

Al Zilly weighed in the week's largest striper at Giglio's, a 39½ lber hooked on a sandworm in the surf at Sea Bright. Drifting sandworms has paid off with limiting out catches for Buddy Orio at the Highlands Bridge. The pound nets are getting fluke, weaks, bass, and blues indicating the good fishing which should come after the awful weather.

BELMAR

Pete Dartie at the Belmar Marine Basin reported fluke fishing is starting at the inlet and fishermen using sowl and killies had up to 10 fish. Bass are in the surf and at the Shrewsbury Rocks fluke, blackfish, whiting and ling are available.

SEASIDE

Stripers were plentiful in the Bay before the weekend but a combo of hundreds of boats converging on the hot-spots and bad weather put a damper on the good fishing. Blues are beginning to show in the surf and bass action is best at the back of the inlet in the State Park.

LONG BEACH ISLAND

Before the wind hit, fishermen were doing well with kings, fluke, weaks and bass in the surf and back in the bay. The inlets have bass available and a pair were taken from Barnegat Light. Walt at the Fishermens Headquarters also reported some bass taken by a boater at Barnegat Inlet.

CONNECTICUT SCENE

DICK ALLEY

WESTCHESTER

Fred at Camerons reported blackfish top species in this area. They're high in size and quantity, with Gun Island Rock being one of many hotspots. Big stripers are slow, with a

ten pounder the biggest. Small bass are in supply.

Fred Archer reported the mackerel thinning out, but the blackfishing increasing. Mackerel are serving well as cut bait for bass, with everybody cleaning up on school size stripers.

In Rye, Dan Catalano had just returned to Point Tackle from Cape Cod, Mass., and reported the bass fishing to the east to be excellent. Locally, John Swanzer scored with five on the fly rod, and that's from the surf.

Rick Ferris of Point Tackle reports that the mackerel have departed. Filling that void have been the stripers. Frank Frangipane managed a 12 lb. bass on Friday, while Dan Catalano caught 15 keeper bass up to 10 lbs. on Sunday. Dan caught his fish on Rebels and Touts and fished the areas of Scotch Caps and the rocks off the American Yacht Club. Rick said weakfishing is spotty, but some good sized blacks are being caught.

GREENWICH

Russ Van Wynen at the Sportsman's Den tells of weighing in his first weakfish. No big bass, but small fish are plentiful. Blackfish prove excellent while mackerel are tapering off.

STAMFORD

Pat Chirillo of Pat's Marina reports mackerel and blackfish both coming in, big in size and quantity. School stripers are on the increase.

Jack Karmonosky at Jack's Bait & Tackle told of a catch by Jim Zmarzalk off Weed Beach, mixing 8 frostfish and a nice bunch of flounder. Lots of blue claw crabs in Cove Pond.

DARIEN

Burt Van Sciver from the Bait Shop reported that Lloyd Davis witnessed a catch by Gunnar Schonning of a 37 lb. bass. The method was live-lining mackerel off Collanders Point. Les Gilman came in with a ten pound bass. Many school bass present.

NORWALK

Bob Utz at Four Winds reports bass fishing in Norwalk waters is turning up fish from shorts to fish in the teens. Blacks are best bet, hitting crabs. Calf Pasture Pier turned up another 7 lb. tautog.

Bruce Mola at Mola Bros. Bait & Tackle rates mackerel tops, bass second, and blacks third. Flats are holding in surprisingly well.

Gloria Borges at the Tackle Box reported bass are hitting well, flounders are still hitting, and weakfish reports are filtering in.

WESTPORT

Ike Wakeman succeeded last week at Candlewood Lake with a 4 lb. 8 oz. Rainbow taken on a trolled Grey Ghost. Ed Boland at Westport Tackle Shop tells of school bass all the way

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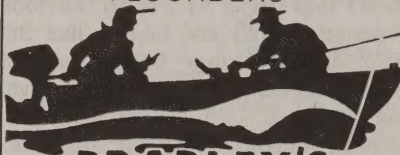
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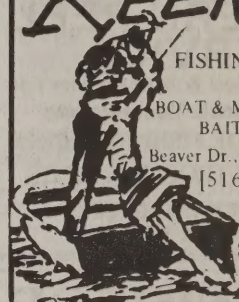
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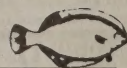
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from the Norwalk Islands to Sunken Island. At Walkers Point in Fairfield, Bob Hanson took a 25 lb. bass. Darby Anderson has been hitting fish at Bedfords Point, and St. Mary's By The Sea in Bridgeport is another hotspot, especially at evening time. Blackfish are fabulous everywhere, and flounder are at Compo Beach. Weakfish thick in Narragansett, R.I.

BRIDGEPORT

Bob Zam Pidri at Bob's Bait points at Breezy Point for good small bass fishing on Rebels and Redfins. A nine pound blackfish, weighed in by Harry Broadbrook, was caught in the same spot.

The Sportsmen's Den reports bass of 8 and 10 lbs. and many blackfish in Stratford waters. Crabs are becoming the favored bait for blacks now.

STRATFORD

Housatonic Marina continues to receive good fishing reports. George Totanovich tallied 36 flats in the river near the gun club. Mr. Bencamchyk took 3 blacks and a dozen flats from Charles Island area. Dr. Willis of Trumbull hit the mackerel jackpot about 2 miles southwest of Penfield Reef. Roland Sayer caught 10 bass, keeping 7, drifting worms in Stratford waters.

MILFORD

Vinny Ciulla at the Sportsman's Rendezvous tells of thick schools of mackerel, and blacks are just about everywhere. While bass are limited to schoolies locally, Niantic is producing bigger fish. Flounder continue strongly.

NEW HAVEN

Mackerel are thick at Faulkners Island, Branford Beacon and the breakwaters. Stripers hitting well from the surf in West Haven, with sandworms and the Kastmaster being top baits. Blacks are moving out to the Oyster stakes and Buoy 10A. Porgies are at Stony Creek, and flounder as big as 3 lbs. have been caught there. Shad fishing in the Connecticut River is slow. Bantam Lake is high on pike, with lures like the 5" Rebel the ticket.

WATERFORD

Hillyer's Bait & Tackle has excellent fishing for mackerel and blacks, with bass fishing on a daily-improving basis.

MYSTIC

Shaefer's Boat Livery calls flounder the headliners. Some of the flats are running 2½ to 3 lbs. Mackerel are thick around Watch Hill and Weekapiscet Reef near the east end of Fishers Island. Stripers are beginning to come in.

NEW LONDON

Marsters Dock reports their charter boats hauling plenty of mackerel and cod aboard. The "Scorpion" came in with a mixed bag of mackerel and cod,

as did the "West Wind." The "Lady Margaret" brought in a nice catch of flounder on its last charter.

OLD SAYBROOK

Capt. Steve Basil, skipper of the "Capt. Bob" ran into his first weaks of the year. All fish scaled around 5 lbs., and were taken on green mackerel tubes. First blues have showed up in the commercial nets and bass have moved into the area.

The Capt. Bob has been moved to the Terra-Mar Marina off Saybrook Point in Old Saybrook.

PARTY BOATS

It's a mixed-bag week on the party boat circuit. Skipper John Minniti of the "Delmar" out of Greenwich is finding fabulous blackfishing. Mackerel are still around, and porgies are improving daily. Flounder show up occasionally.

Capt. Ed Brower of the "Dolphin" out of Bridgeport reports plenty of mackerel and blacks to make up for the thinning flounder population. First sea bass came in during the week, and porgies are hitting very well around Wading River and Rocky Point on the Long Island north shore.

North Shore Reports

GREENPORT

The "Pooka III" fished off the ruins on Gardiner's Island over the weekend. Fares were put into good pockets of flounders, of which we can expect a few more weeks.

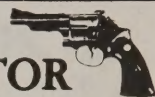
The "Wilhelric" reports good porgy catches, some in the 3-4 lb. class, sea bass and some flounder. Better weather would help the catches, to be sure. Capt. Jensen may concentrate on blacks or flounders at any time now.

Art White of A.P. White Bait Shop reports that the "Brand X" has done well weakfishing this past week. Very good blackfishing in the Sound off Marion, Greenport and Orient. Surfcasters did well on blacks, using fiddlers and green crabs. Good flounder fishing on both sides of Orient Point from boats. Mosquito fleets are spooking fish on weekends. Weakfishing is at its best on weekdays when there is less boat traffic.

SOUTHOLD

Stan at Southold Fishing Station had most of his boats out over Saturday and Sunday, and 40 even on a stinker like Monday. Weakfishing is fair to good. Porgy fishing is spotty, but good and improving catches are being brought in all the time. The weaks average 4-7 lbs.; porgies 2-2½ lbs. Not too many blacks are available. Squid and worms are good for the

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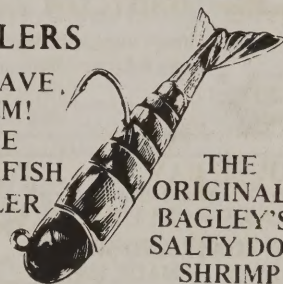
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weaks. Clam and squid is best for the porgies. The choice areas are between Jessups and Middle Grounds.

Pete from the Port of Egypt Fishing Station says the fish are here, and even with the lousy weather, nearly all his boats go out. It's Buoy 18 for porgies. All anglers setting out for the porgies had loads of them to show for their efforts. Red Buoy 16 area has been best for weaks, drifting with squid. Porgies, weaks and sea robins are available. Pete guarantees you won't fall asleep fishing out his way. The Gugliotta party had 73 weaks on Saturday, 66 on Sunday, and fished in the rain again on Monday. (Squid and artificial shrimp between Buoys 14-17.) William Cooper brought in a 3 lb. 14 oz. sea bass. Wow!

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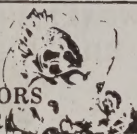
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NEW SUFFOLK

Capt. Marty's Fishing Station reports 125 weaks up to 9 lbs. were taken by Jim Carolan and Fred Sigoski at Buoy 30 in Peconic Bay on squid, worms, rubber shrimp and bucktails, on the outgoing tide. Many other large weakfish catches were made right up until this stinko weekend. Porgies up to 3¼ lbs. can be found from Nassau Point to Middle Grounds. They can be taken on all baits, except bucktails.

MILLER PLACE

Queensland Cove Tackle Shop reported that beautiful fluke, 3½ to 4 lbs., are taking sandworms off Miller Place and Rocky Point Beaches. Lots of short bass and keepers mixed in. Two pound porgies are also mixed in. There are plenty of eels inside Mt. Sinai Harbor. These species are available for boaters and surfmen. Good weakfishing, but you've got to search for them.

Dick's Sporting Goods reports that porgie fishing is picking up. Weaks and flounders are still being taken in good numbers. Sandworms are the best all around bait.

MT. SINAI HARBOR

Ralph's Fishing Station reports good blackfishing with fiddlers, worms and clams. Macks are all but gone. Plenty of porgies to be had on squid, worms and clams. A few weaks are being taken from the beaches on squid and worms. Lots of blacks from beaches and boats. Some showing of fluke in the 3 lb. class. There are still some macks off Middle Grounds.

PORT JEFFERSON

Capt. Joe Cash of the "Port Jeff Ace" is still getting mackerel. Porgies and blacks are filling pails around Rocky Point and a couple of sea bass are boated now and then too. Action is fair; could improve some if weather improves.

The Carafis Fishing Station reports lots of blacks off Old Field, Mt. Misery and Rocky Point. The macks are gone. Schoolie bass are available for casters on a rising tide at Stony Brook Channel and Conscience Bay. Weaks are there too. The Sound is dirty due to all the easterly winds

NORTHPORT

Ted Bowman of Bowman's Sporting Goods tells us that just off Duck Island, 30 really nice flounder were taken by a 2-man party. There are still many good flounder pockets around for the searching angler. These two men also came in with a G.I. can full of 1 lb. porgies, caught in the same general area, on a rising tide. Close to the rip at Hobart Beach, weaks are being taken by sharp shooters on artificial shrimp. Ted says to let a large artificial shrimp settle deep, due to the swift water at the rip area, then retrieve. This gets the tiderunner class weaks. Very good on big blackfish up to 7½ and 8 lbs. Makamah Beach is the hot spot. On Monday, in the rain, keeper stripers and blackfish were taken by surfcasters at Makamah Beach. Good flounder fishing between Makamah and Calahan's Beach. Some kings are around too.

Les Bunce of the Chainlocker reports mackerel on the wane. Quite a few stripers all along the beach front. Large weaks are being taken from the beach and boats on Hopkins, lead heads and small plugs. Large blacks are at Eatons Neck and they are being taken with green crabs and fiddlers. Kings and porgies on beach fronts on the Sound. Artificial shrimp are killers on the weakfish.

COLD SPRING HARBOR

Veterans Fishing Station reports good black and weakfishing over the weekend, despite poor weather. Shrimp and bucktails produced the most. A few stripers are also being caught off Whitewood Point.

HUNTINGTON

Will Constantine of the Ever-Ready Fleet reported very good flounder, black, porgie and kingfish activity. All fares had fish and fun, mostly fish. Ever-Ready is still making two trips a day on both Saturday and Sunday.

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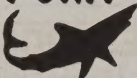
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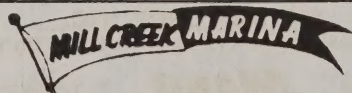
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CITY ISLAND

Jack Rumpf of Jack's Bait & Tackle said areas like Harts Island, Execution Light and Sands Point Light have been yielding nice catches of big blacks. Fiddler crabs have been the most productive bait. Jack weighed in a striper of 11 lbs. which was taken on worms off Harts Island. Jack said there are no weaks in his area.

BAYVILLE

Mike Pump of Pump's Park Fishing Station said the Centre Island Reef has been producing blacks weighing 4 and 5 lbs. Fiddler and green crabs have been the baits. Some porgies can also be taken at Buoy 17 which marks the Centre Island Reef. A few stripers can be taken in the area of Whitewood Point, although many are shorts.

HUDSON RIVER

PETE BARRETT

KINGSTON

Trout and crappie fishing is good at Downesville and the Fifton Dam says Roy's Bait & Tackle. Sensational catch of the week was Andne Towlou's 22" 5¼ lb. pickeral taken on a live shiner.

WAPPINGER FALLS

Carp fishing is excellent at Wappinger Lake reports the B & M Bait Shop. Mikelos Sholty had two big ones of 18 and 36 lbs. last week. Crappie and catfish action is also good using nightcraw-

ers. Striper buffs have been surprised on the Hudson fishing near the Newburg-Beacon Bridge with a steady showing of northern pike on bucktails.

HOPEWELL JUNCTION

The tunnel by Cold Spring is good for stripers according to Joe's Bait & Tackle. Best of the week is a 19 lber on worms on many bass in the 5 - 8 lb. class. Denning Point and Bannerman's Island are other good spots. Sylvan Lake rainbows and Croton Falls browns are hitting well on live shiners.

VERPLANCK

Stropers are hitting bloodworms at the oyster beds off George's Island Park reports Ace & Charlie's Tackle. Bigger bass to 20 lbs. are coming from Annsville Creek by Peekskill. Catfish, perch and eel fishing is best at Oscawanna.

CROTON POINT

Richie Ferris at Croton Bait & Tackle reported steady bass action from Roa Hook to Croton Bay. Larry Gillo and his buddy fished Annsville Creek taking bass of 16 and 20 lbs. on Sunday. Steve Barry was out in Croton Bay chucking rebels taking home a 16½ lber. The Croton River has also been good at the Old Bridge Abutments.

OSSINING

Tony's Bait & Tackle reported steady fishing at Bishops Rocks, Tellers Point and Crawbuckie Beach although most fish are in the 6 lb. range.

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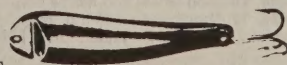
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TIDE TABLES

SOUTH SHORE Long Island

SANDY HOOK STATION

DAY	AM	PM
Thurs.	7:42	8:02
Fri.	8:34	8:51
Sat.	9:27	9:44
Sun.	10:21	10:37
Mon.	11:19	11:33
Tues.		12:17
Wed.	12:29	1:15
Thurs.	1:25	2:10

on SANDY HOOK

SHINNECOCK INLET	-0 50
Shinnecock Bay	-1 25
East Quogue	-2 45
Shinnecock Canal	-1 18
Indian Reservation	-3 05
MORICHES INLET	-0 56
Smith's Point	-3 28
Harts Cove	-1 30
Potunk Point	-3 35
Mastic Beach	-3 28
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0 38
(Inlet, Breakwater & Dem. Pt.)	-0 38
Coast Guard Station	-0 19
Fire Island Light	-0 47
GREAT SOUTH BAY	
Sayville (Brown Creek)	-3 39
Heckscher State Park	-3 20
Bay Shore	-2 23
Babylon	-2 12
Amityville	-2 21
JONES INLET	-0 19
Loop Parkway Bridge	-0 25
Zachs Bay	-1 25
Seaford Harbor	-2 05
Freeport Creek	-0 34
EAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0 06
Long Beach Bridge	-0 19
ROCKAWAY INLET	-0 00
Beach Channel (Bridge)	-0 38
JFK Airport	-0 26
STATEN ISLAND	-0 27
MANASQUAN	-0 12

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5/2 5/9 5/17 5/25



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Block Island SOUND

EASTERN LONG ISLAND

NEW LONDON STATION

DAY	AM	PM
Thurs.	9:09	9:22
Fri.	10:02	10:15
Sat.	10:54	11:08
Sun.	11:50	
Mon.	12:05	12:47
Tues.	1:03	1:48
Wed.	2:03	2:49
Thurs.	3:09	3:54

on NEW LONDON

Orient Point	-0 27
Connecticut River	-1 10
Little Gull Island (Race)	-0 12
Greenport	-1 04
Southold	-1 43
New Suffolk	-2 26
South Jamesport	-2 32
Shinnecock Canal	-2 33
Noyack Bay	-2 05
Sag Harbor	-0 59
Gardiners Bay	-0 21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0 14
Fort Pond Bay	-0 29
Montauk Inlet	-0 25
Montauk Point	-1 13

The Original Knight

SOLUNAR TABLES

When To Fish
Or Hunt

The schedule of solunar periods for the following week as printed below has been taken from the original Knight Solunar Tables. Plan your day so that you will be fishing good territory, hunting good cover during these times if you wish to find the best sport that each has to offer. The tables are not a guarantee that you will catch fish or see game during the period, however.

The major periods begin at the time shown and last for an hour and a half or two hours thereafter, and are in black face type. The minor periods are somewhat shorter in duration.

	A.M.		P.M.	
	Minor	Major	Minor	Major
Thurs.	4:00	10:45	4:35	11:15
Fri.	4:55	11:45	5:30	
Sat.	5:55	12:20	6:35	12:55
Sun.	7:05	1:30	7:40	2:00
Mon.	8:15	2:40	8:50	3:10
Tues.	9:25	3:40	9:50	4:10
Wed.	10:25	4:40	10:50	5:00
Thurs.	11:15	5:30	11:40	5:55

WESTERN Long Island Sound

Long Island Sound

WILLETS POINT STATION

DAY	AM	PM
Thurs.	11:07	11:21
Fri.		12:02
Sat.	12:16	12:58
Sun.	1:11	1:56
Mon.	2:06	2:55
Tues.	3:10	4:02
Wed.	4:17	5:08
Thurs.	5:33	6:13

on WILLETS POINT

Little Neck Bay	-0 10
Execution Light	-0 06
Manhasset Bay	-0 01
Hempstead Harbor	-0 11
City Island	-0 03
Rye Beach	-0 28

Long Island SOUND

Long Island Sound

BRIDGEPORT STATION

DAY	AM	PM
Thurs.	11:12	11:27
Fri.		12:03
Sat.	12:19	12:54
Sun.	1:12	1:48
Mon.	2:05	2:43
Tues.	3:00	3:39
Wed.	4:00	4:35
Thurs.	4:58	5:33

on BRIDGEPORT

Lloyd Point	-0 08
Cold Spring Harbor	-0 08
Bayville Bridge	-0 13
Eatons Neck Point	-0 03
Northport Bay	-0 03
Norwalk Islands	-0 10
Smithtown Bay	-0 03
Cranes Neck Point	-0 05
Port Jefferson Harbor	-0 03
New Haven Harbor	-0 08
Mount Sinai Harbor	-0 08
Herod Point	-0 07
Mattituck Inlet	-0 19
Horton Point	-0 20
Truman Beach	-0 42

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